

THIS ISSUE
SPECIAL 8-PAGE
DRACULA
FULL COLOR
COMIC SECTION
PREVIEW OF THE NEW WARREN BOOK

#22 MARCH 1973

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC \$1.00

**A VAMPIRESS
AND A VAMPIRE
BATTLE FOR BLOOD
PAGE 54**

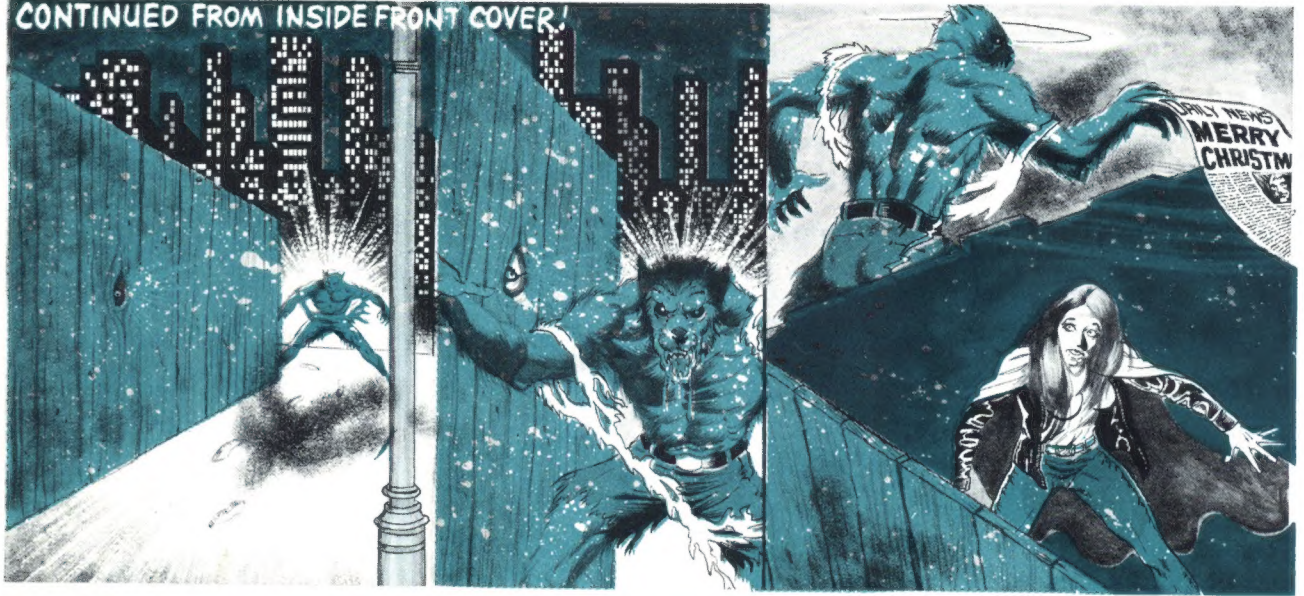


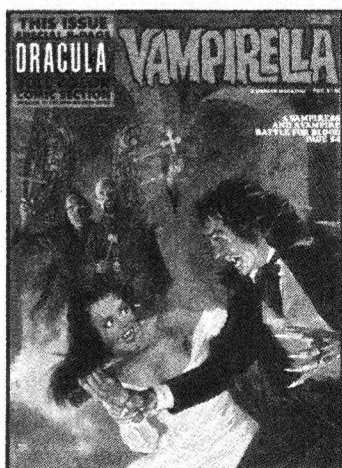
Silent Night, Unholy Night



CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER...

CONTINUED FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER!





OUR COVER:
It's Vampire against the Hunter... but the problem is... who is the Vampire? From the story "The Cry Of The Dhampir." Begins on page 54.

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VAMPIRELLA

CONTENTS **ISSUE No. 22**
MARCH 1973

VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS

More letters from you fans... comments on Vampirella stories, and questions about Vampirella being a Male Chauvinist Magazine.

HELL FROM ON HIGH Vampirella and crew take off to meet a new enemy... one far more dangerous than any she has fought before... the dangerous Darkling Disciples.

TOMB OF GODS/ORPHEUS

The final episode in Estaban Maroto's well-acclaimed Gods series. This one features Orpheus as he searches through the depths.

THE SENTENCE Haunted houses are considered to be a thing of the past! But in Bushnell's Basin stands a house with ghosts of a different variety... without heads!

CRY OF THE DHAMPIR The priests had hunted the Vampire for many years, but this time the creature would not come so easily... to stop him, they must die.

VAMPI'S FLAMES Profile of writer Steve Englehart, whose story, "Hell From On High" appears in this issue. Also, stories of horror written by you, fans of VAMPIRELLA.

MINRA They called her a danger to man. They hunted her... sought to kill her... yet she evaded them... one girl against a planet-full of hunters... one girl fighting for her life.



"VAMPIRELLA is for male chauvinists!"

The reprints chosen for Vampi #19 were on the whole very good. The best was "To Kill A God." In fact, it may be the best piece you've ever published. The other goodies were Reed Crandall's "Silver Bullets," O'Neil, Englehart's and Adams's "The Soft Sweet Lips of Hell," "Jack The Ripper Strikes Again," and "The Silver Thief and the Pharaoh's Daughter." I don't see why you included "The Survivor" in what is supposed to be your best ever. The story was good, but the art by Ernie Colon was terrible. A better choice would have been a story done by Billy Graham who is a much better artist. The history of Vampirella was a long time coming but worth waiting for.

GARY KIMBER
Ont., Canada

Shame on thee, Young Lady! If nothing else, your hospitality to new writers leaves something to be desired. In other words, much as I'd like to retain credit for scripting "EYE OPENER" which was accorded me in VAMPI #20, I must necessarily abrogate that fallacious honor. WHY must I disavow all association with this genuinely well-written story, you ask? 'Cause MARTY PASKO's bigger than me. And HE wrote it. C'mon, we're waiting for your apology, young woman.

DOUG MOENCH
Chicago, Ill.



I'm sorry, Marty (Pesky) Pasko...and I hope it won't happen again. But if you would like, we'll credit one of Doug Moench's stories to you.

I think VAMPIRELLA #20 was great. I especially liked "Gender Bender."

ROBERT HOFFMAN
Salisbury, Md.

I really dug VAMPIRELLA #20. It's the first Vampi mag I ever bought, and I think it surpasses Uncle Platypus's and Cousin Irky's mags.

The stories I liked best were "Gender Bender" and "Vengeance." I actually sunk my teeth into your Feary Tales.

Did anyone ever tell you you're one sexy vampire?

ED PAHULE
Milw. Wisc.

In CREEPY #46, letter writer Otto Bumberger panned you for your mistreatment of "Old and Noble" Vampire and Werewolf legends by portraying these characters with guns and riding on rocket ships. One of the worst offenders of all, he cited, was VAMPIRELLA, by virtue of her incredibly trite background. Much as I agree, I probably could have put up with it were it not for some of the recent innovations you've been making on the strip. If, as you said in the Special Issue, the idea behind VAMPIRELLA was to create a heroine in the image of the European Super-Ladies, then I think you have failed. As she stands now, Vampi is basically the same as all the other American heroines, the only difference being that she bares a little more flesh. Her adventures are just not fantastic enough. Even worse, they're beginning to look the same. The strip, in a rut it needs getting out of. Time-travel to Dracula's day in the Special is an example of what I advocate by innovation. Vampi should be zipping around time, space, and other dimensions, encountering Lovecraftian entity-representations of Chaos and gothic spooks, future societies and medieval devil sacrifices. Her range is near limitless. Don't tie her down to Adam Van Helsing! Artwise, Jose Gonzalez's art is nowhere near as moddy as Tom Sutton's, and his tendency to clutter his backgrounds with occasional watercolor splash is distracting. What's really shameful is what you've done to Count Dracula. Fitting him in was an interesting idea, but you've gone too far. To think that Count Dracula, right hand man to Satan himself, King of the Vampires, should be so disgraced is ignoble. From Draculon?? The Count's Lugosi-ish garb and appearance was what got me, especially since, for me at least, there will never be another Dracula like Lee.

MARK YANKO
Aliquippa, Pa.



Stan or Christopher?

I think your magazine is one of the best I have ever seen in a long time. I always have been a lover of the occult, and your magazine is very interesting. I like the way you blend parts of the old with the new. I know it is going to cost me a lot of money, but I am going to order all the back issues so I will know what has happened.

PFC JOSEPH ABEYTA
Saigon, Vietnam



Reader Ed Pahule says VAMPIRELLA is one sexy vampire, while "The Gremlin" says she is chauvinistic. Who is correct?

What can I say that you haven't heard already? Your magazines are simply superb. I only wish I could do half as well as your Jose Gonzalez, Esteban Maroto, Auralean, or Felix Mas. You are fabulous, and your artists are veritable DaVincis.

CAROLINE MORRISON
New York, N.Y.

I just bought VAMPIRELLA #19 and it is great! The best story is "The Soft, Sweet Lips Of Hell!" It was really touching. However, "To Kill A God," had the best artwork. The rest of the stories did not quite make it.

BOB WOODBURN
Mesa, Ariz.

VAMPIRELLA #20 was great! The best story was "Vengeance, Brother, Vengeance." Second was "Love is no Game" Third was "Eye Opener," and so on. Your Feary Tales were good as usual. The cover was sensational. Whoever Luis Dominguez is...keep him. Let him do more covers for you.

I buy all the Warren Magazines, VAMPIRELLA, CREEPY, EERIE, and FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, and I think they are all sensational.

I loved your poster and I ordered it, but why doesn't CREEPY and EERIE have one as well? And why doesn't CREEPY have cover posters as you and EERIE have?

LISA LONGOBENDI
Hamden, Conn.

We recall that Kurt Van Helsing was murdered and turned into a vampire some issues ago, and VAMPIRELLA was the major suspect (she needs blood to live, and we can't fault her for killing to live). But VAMPIRELLA can't be guilty of that killing, since it was established that while her bite does kill, it does not infect its victim and cause them to become vampires. I suspect a third character is waiting in the wings.

MICHAEL TIERSTEIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I'm afraid Vampi has become a bit too bourgeois for my taste. I was a Vampirella reader from its inception, but now I find I don't even want to renew my subscription.

It may have started when Vampi went on her guilty vampire trip; soon after she was taking a serum to keep her from doing nasty things; next thing I knew, she had some guilty vampire romance going on with (of all people) a Van Helsing. This whole Van Helsing thread is a bit old at this point, since it is just a hang-over from the Stoker novel.

NO NAME INCLUDED
Vallejo, Calif.



Vampi will be starting a series of new adventures beginning with this issue. Perhaps you will find these more to your liking. Author Steve Englehart has some excellent stories lined up that should make you a confirmed VAMPIRELLA reader once again.

"VAMPIRELLA is faultless!"

I might as well begin this letter by saying I'm not really VAMPIRELLA'S greatest fan. I enjoy the Warren Magazines, but my true allegiance goes to FAMOUS MONSTERS. When I saw the very first ad for VAMPIRELLA, I just about rolled on the floor laughing. I had never before seen such an overtly male-chauvinistic character. Since I am a girl, female sexpots don't interest me, and since there didn't appear to be any originality to VAMPIRELLA, I didn't bother to get any of the issues. However, I picked up issue #16 and immediately discovered that VAMPIRELLA was nothing like the early ads showed her to be. She proved to be not only quite human, but a far better human than most of the Earthlings I know. But, I must admit it was really the character Pendragon who won me over.

Except for the VAMPIRELLA series, her magazine seemed to be the same kind as CREEPY or EERIE, but with less occult and more sex, so I didn't get any more issues. After awhile girls who wear nothing but garments which resemble either pixilated bikinis or cobweb negligees, and who are all incredibly beautiful, impossibly stacked, and have long flowing tresses get a bit monotonous. So I didn't get any more VAMPIRELLA'S.

Then I got hold of issue #20, because the cover looked interesting and my Father bought it. Once again I was surprised. This magazine doesn't even seem to be out of the cocoon yet. The stories have improved, Vampi's character has broadened, and the art has improved. But even more interesting than the magazine are the controversies going on in the letter's page. Some of the comments startle me. The lead argument seems to be that VAMPIRELLA is chauvinist. Of course VAMPIRELLA is chauvinistic. To a great extreme. But in this it doesn't differ an inkling from the other two Warren comic mags. Just take a look at them. Every time a female humanoid over 12 and under 60 years old is portrayed, al-

most without exception she is half to totally nude, a stunning beauty, a possessor of a figure that would make Raquel Welch and any other movie sexpot purple with envy. All your artists draw all their women with disproportionately long legs and the kind of perfect, full, 40plus inch bustline that only occurs naturally about once a century.

They all have long, slender hands with long smooth fingers and long, perfectly manicured fingernails. And all of the women in Warren Mags have lovely slender arms. In short, all the women in Warren Mags look as tho they were poured into a mold, then had a few tiny details added to the face. From the back they look all alike. A bunch of perfect sex symbols. When you look at any woman in a Warren Mag, she looks so much like an advertisement for a Playboy Club that it is difficult to really consider her as a murderess or a vampire or a housewife or whatever she is supposed to be in the story. The first thing that enters your mind is SEX, and that detracts from the impact of the story.

So there is absolutely no doubt in my mind that all Warren Mags are very Chauvinistic. But then; I have found very little literature of any kind, particularly ads, that isn't. So I'm not going to waste my time complaining about Warren in Particular. For one thing, I have a fetish about Vampire stories, and with T.V. reruns slashed and cut so, and Hollywood turning out stuff like "Blacula," I turn to Warren as a last resort and find that they're spinning some pretty good vampire yarns. I think that it is ridiculous to accuse any one publisher, or writer, of chauvinism, when the writer or publisher is simply echoing our entire society.

"THE GREMLIN"
Acton, Mass.



This is a very long and thought out letter, and we thought we'd print it and let you readers think about what "Gremlin" has said. Do you agree or not?

VAMPIRELLA PLASTIC HOBBY KIT



16 SNAP-TOGETHER PLASTIC PARTS! MOVABLE ARMS AND LEGS!

Here she is—at last! Our own VAMPIRELLA Plastic Hobby kit! Now available again by popular demand! Straight out of the pages of VAMPIRELLA Magazine! Offered to you directly & exclusively from Warren Publishing Comic pany. This is definitely the prettiest & most tantalizing Hobby Kit ever created. Besides movable arms & legs, you'll receive Vampi's own Black Bat to perch on her arm. Base included. A pert Miss over 5" tall! This is definitely a unique buy—great as an unusual gift to your friends. A certain contrast to your other Hobby Kits. You'll probably want more than one. This is a special offer at an unusually low price, but you asked for VAMPI countless times—and we listened! Complete in every detail & aspect, from her nose tip to her beautiful boots. Don't delay—ORDER YOUR VAMPI TODAY!

ONLY \$1.50

RUSH me the VAMPIRELLA KIT for which I enclose \$1.50 plus 50¢ postage & handling (total \$2.00).

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

SUBSCRIBE!



IF YOUR NEWSSTAND'S OUT OF VAMPIRELLA IT MAY NOT BE THEIR FAULT! MAYBE YOU JUST WAITED TOO LONG TO BUY ONE! DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!

SUBSCRIBE!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

IN CANADA AND OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES, PLEASE ADD \$1.50 TO ALL RATES!

VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB



A million readers asked for it! And here it is! The all-new VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB! With membership, you get a heart-stopping Official Full Color Vampirella Club Badge (heavy metal, high quality) AND the Official Membership Card! JOIN TODAY!

VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is my \$2.00 for a lifetime membership in the VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB! Send my Big Club Badge and Sturdy Membership Card with my own personal number, signed by VAMPIRELLA!

HELLLLLLP!

VAMPIRELLA only received 2,000 letters this morning! Doesn't anyone love her anymore?

PROLOGUE: THE TURRETED DWELLING THAT IS *VAN HELSING MANSION* HAS PERCHED UPON THE HARSH NEW ENGLAND COAST SINCE THE FAMED FAMILY WHO NAMED IT FIRST *ARRIVED* THERE --AND IT LURKED IN THE HEART OF THE *BALTIC MOUNTAINS* LONG BEFORE THAT. IN ITS YEARS, IT HAS SEEN *TRIUMPH* AND *TRAGEDY*-- THOUGH MOSTLY THE LATTER --AND IT HAS HELD MANY STRANGE *GUESTS*. BUT ITS GRAY WALLS HAVE NEVER KNOWN *ANYONE* LIKE THE GIRL CALLED...

VAMPIRELIA





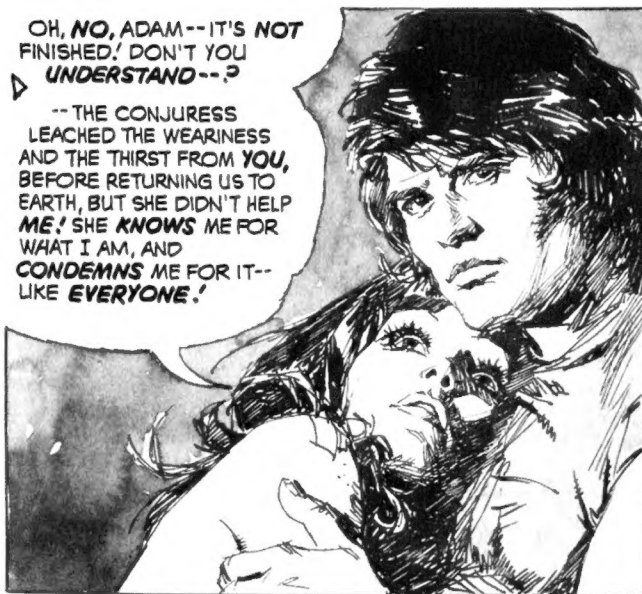
VAMPIRELLA, I HAVE TO **TALK** WITH YOU. I **KNOW** YOU'RE STILL UPSET OVER WHAT HAPPENED ON THE SAND WORLD.*

BUT THAT WAS A **WEEK** AGO. IT'S **FINISHED**, VAMPIRELLA.

* VAMPIRELLA # 21, "THE SLITHERER OF THE SAND."

OH, **NO**, ADAM--IT'S **NOT** FINISHED! DON'T YOU **UNDERSTAND**--?

--THE CONJURESS LEACHED THE WEARINESS AND THE THIRST FROM **YOU**, BEFORE RETURNING US TO EARTH, BUT SHE DIDN'T HELP **ME**! SHE **KNOWS** ME FOR WHAT I AM, AND **CONDEMNS** ME FOR IT--LIKE **EVERYONE**!



I'M A **VAMPIRE** FOR NOW AND ALWAYS!

ON MY **OWN** WORLD, I WAS **NORMAL**--MORE THAN NORMAL. I DRANK BLOOD AS **ALL** DRAKULONIANS DRINK BLOOD!

BUT NOW, THROUGH CHANCE OR THE DARK FATES, I'M A **FREAK**--AND MORE: A **FEARED** FREAK. YOUR WORLD HAS **HATED** MY KIND SINCE THE **BEGINNING** OF **TIME**!



NOT **ALL** OF US, VAMPIRELLA...

...NOT **ME**...

NOR **I**, ANY LONGER, SON.

YOU SAVED OUR **LIVES** ON THAT SAND WORLD, VAMPIRELLA, WHEN YOU **COULD** HAVE JOINED DRACULA IN KILLING US. **THAT** FACT HAS FINALLY LAID MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT YOU TO REST.





--AND IT **FOLLOWS** FROM THAT, THAT I MUST **RETHINK** MY SEARCH FOR MY BROTHER'S ASSASSIN.



AS MY SON KNOWS, KURT WAS FOUND **DRAINED** OF BLOOD IN THE WRECKAGE OF AN AIRLINER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS-- AND NO POSSIBLE **NATURAL** CAUSE COULD HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE.

YOU WERE **ALSO** ABOARD THAT AIRLINER, VAMPIRELLA. NATURALLY I **SUSPECTED** YOU *

* VAMPIRELLA #8, "WHO SERVES THE CAUSE OF CHAOS?"

BUT IF YOU ARE **INNOCENT**, THEN ONE OF THESE THREE **OTHERS** MUST BE GUILTY, SINCE THEIR BODIES WERE NEVER RECOVERED.



FOR, ALTHOUGH THE FLIGHT WAS SCHEDULED **NON-STOP** FROM NEW YORK TO CALIFORNIA--

-- **THIS** MAN, CORNELIUS DEVLIN, LIVES NOT **TEN MILES** FROM THE SITE OF THE CRASH!



MY **SECOND SIGHT**, MY PSYCHIC POWER, GIVES ME NO CLUE TO ANY OF THEM. BUT, STRANGELY ENOUGH, AIRLINE RECORDS **DO**.



I AM LEAVING FOR THE ROCKIES IMMEDIATELY, AND I INVITE YOU TO **JOIN** ME IN MY HUNT, VAMPIRELLA. PERHAPS IT WILL DIVERT YOU FROM YOUR **BROODING**.

I...ACCEPT, DR. VAN HELSING.



SPARKLING IN THE AFTERNOON SUN, THE COLORADO SKI RESORT CALLED **HAMMER'S GLEN** CLINGS PRECARIOUSLY TO ITS CLIFF, MORE THAN A **MILE** ABOVE SEA LEVEL. IN TWO MONTHS, SWEATERED **DAREDEVILS** WILL FLASH DOWN ITS HILLS, BRINGING PROSPERITY WITH THE SNOW. BUT FOR NOW, IT SIMPLY WAITS, NOT KNOWING OF THE **TERROR** THAT STALKS ITS PATHWAYS...

THIS IS *IT*,
PEOPLE: THE LAST-
KNOWN ADDRESS
OF CORNELIUS
DEVLIN.







THIS IS
MAD! WHAT'S
HAPPENING--?

AND THAT
LAUGHING--IT
SOUNDS LIKE...

...THE
LAUGHTER OF
SATAN!!!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!



THE FLAMES--
THEY'VE STOPPED!
WHY?

REJOICE WITH
GOOD TIDINGS, I
ALWAYS SAY--

SOMETHING IS WRONG
HERE--I CAN SENSE IT. AND
UNTIL I AM MORE POSITIVE--
I SUGGEST WE REFRAIN
FROM MENTIONING THIS
INCIDENT TO ANYONE.

HELLO!
ANYBODY
HERE?



HI! I WASN'T EXPECTING ANY **VISTORS**, BUT PLEASE COME IN!

I'M FATHER JONAS. YOU'RE A LITTLE EARLY FOR THE **SLOPES**, I'M AFRAID, BUT YOU'RE CERTAINLY A WELCOME SIGHT FOR MY EYES, AFTER A SUMMER OF VIRTUAL **SOLITUDE**.



I WAS JUST FIXING MYSELF A **HOT TODDY**-- MY ONE VICE. COULD I OFFER YOU ALL ONE, TOO?

AS A MATTER OF FACT...

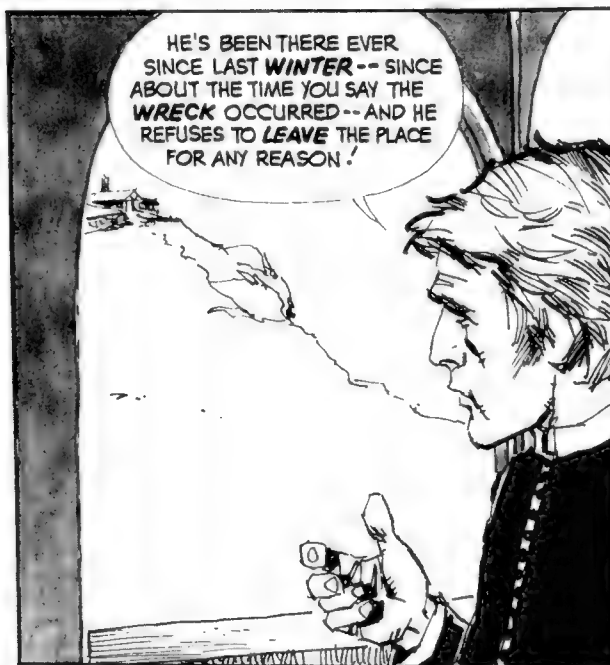
I THINK YOU'VE GOT A **CUSTOMER**, FATHER-- BUT THE **REST** OF US WILL PASS. WHAT WE NEED IS **INFORMATION**.

THEN, AS THE STORM CLOUDS WHICH SEEM TO **HOVER** OVER VAMPIRELLA'S PARTY FORGE A THUNDERHEAD IN THE CANYONS, THE **OUTRÉ** TALE OF KURT VAN HELSING'S DEATH IS RETOLD... AND THE RETELLING PRODUCES A **MARKED** EFFECT ON THE LISTENING PRIEST...

YOU SAY **CORNELIUS DEVLIN** WAS LISTED AS MISSING IN THE CRASH? BUT THAT CAN'T **BE**...



...BECAUSE CORNELIUS DEVLIN IS **ALIVE** AND **WELL** IN A CHALET ABOVE THIS **TOWN**!



HE'S BEEN THERE EVER SINCE LAST **WINTER**-- SINCE ABOUT THE TIME YOU SAY THE **WRECK** OCCURRED-- AND HE REFUSES TO **LEAVE** THE PLACE FOR ANY REASON!



REFUSES,
FATHER?

YES, I'VE TRIED TO VISIT HIM
SEVERAL TIMES THIS PAST YEAR,
BUT HE WON'T **SEE** ME, OR EVEN
LET ME INSIDE HIS **FRONT DOOR**.

HE SAYS
HE HAS NO **USE**
FOR A MAN OF
THE CLOTH.



FATHER, WE'RE
GOING UP THERE
RIGHT NOW!

BOTH FOR
YOUR KNOWLEDGE
OF THE **PATH** AND
YOUR **CALLING**, I
ASK YOU TO COME
WITH US.



YOU DON'T **HAVE**
TO ASK, ADAM. IF THE
LURKING EVIL THIS ALL
SUGGESTS ACTUALLY **EXISTS**,
I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING
EXCEPT GO WITH YOU.



IT LOOKS LIKE
A BAD DAY FOR
CLIMBING, THOUGH.
THIS IS GOING TO BE
A **DILLY** OF A SNOWFALL--
AND IT'LL TAKE US AN
HOURL TO GET UP
THERE.



THAT LONG?
IT DOESN'T **SEEM**
THAT FAR.

DISTANCES
ARE **DECEIVING**
IN THE MOUNTAINS,
VAMPIRELLA-- BUT,
THERE'S NO OTHER FORM
OF TRANSPORTATION...



THE JOURNEY APPEARS
RIPPED **UNTIMELY** FROM A
LON CHANEY FILM. MR. DEVLIN
OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T WANT TO
ENCOURAGE THE **WELCOME**
WAGON LADY.

VAMPIRELLA!
WHAT--I MEAN...



I COME FROM A STRANGE...
LAND... FATHER. **STYLES** THERE
WOULDN'T HAVE EVOLVED AS THEY
DID IF MY PEOPLE WEREN'T
COMFORTABLE IN **ANY** CLIMATE.

I WORE THIS **RAINCOAT**
TO KEEP FROM AROUSING **CURIOSITY**,
BUT FOR STRENUOUS ACTIVITY, I'M
ONLY COMFORTABLE
UNENCUMBERED.

WELL... YOU'RE
CERTAINLY **THAT**,
ALL RIGHT. HOWEVER,
IF YOU DON'T WANT
TO TALK ABOUT IT,
I WON'T **PRESS**
YOU.

BLAST IT, STOP TALKING
ABOUT YOUR **FORMER LIFE**!
IT JUST MAKES YOU SOUND
DIFFERENT!

AND IF I **DIDN'T**
TALK ABOUT IT... THEN
I WOULDN'T **BE**
DIFFERENT?



AH, **EXCUSE** ME
AGAIN, BUT WE'D BETTER
GET **MOVING**, TIME AND
TEMPESTS, YOU KNOW.



SO THE **TREK** BEGINS... FIVE SMALL PEOPLE AGAINST A
MOUNTAIN OF COLD, WHITE **NOTHINGNESS**....



FOR WELL OVER THIRTY MINUTES, THERE IS **SILENCE**, UNTIL--

HOLD
IT UP!



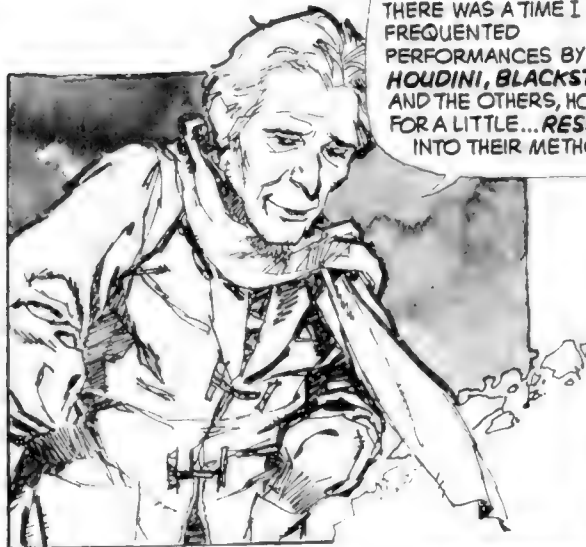
WHAT IS
IT, ADAM?

UP THERE--
A GLINT OF
LIGHT!

THERE IT IS
AGAIN! SOMEBODY'S
WATCHING US!



WAIT A MOMENT.
THERE WAS A TIME I
FREQUENTED
PERFORMANCES BY
HOUDINI, BLACKSTONE,
AND THE OTHERS, HOPING
FOR A LITTLE... **RESEARCH...**
INTO THEIR METHODS...



...AND YOU SEE, I
STILL CARRY MY LOOKING
GLASS!

PENDRAGON,
YOU'RE **WONDERFUL!**
LET ME LOOK!



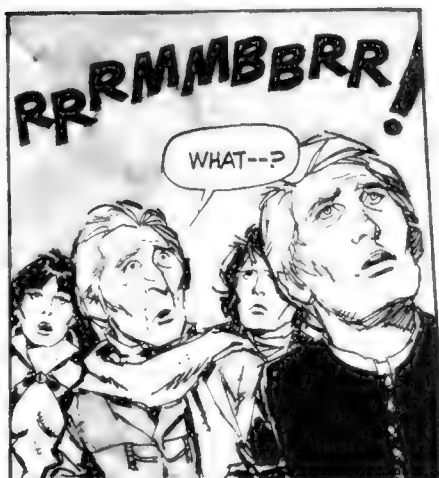
YES, IT'S **DEVLIN...**
I REMEMBER HIM FROM
THE **PLANE** NOW. BUT HE'S
SO **CHANGED**, SO
FIERCE-LOOKING.

AND THERE IS
SOMETHING IN HIS
HAND-- SOMETHING
REFLECTING THE
SUN.



AS IF IN ANSWER, THE SUN IS SWALLOWED IN THE MAW OF A PREDATORY STORM CLOUD, AND A DISTANT RUMBLING PATTERS ACROSS THE PEAKS...

...FOLLOWED BY A NEARER SOUND.



*LAST ISSUE

LEFT ARM ALL BUT **USELESS**, VAMPIRELLA THRUSTS AGAINST THE ROCKY GROUND WITH ALL HER STAR-BORN **STRENGTH**, HURLING **HER** BODY AND THAT OF **CONRAD VAN HELSING** TOWARD BECKONING SHELTER...



...IN TIME!



OH MY GOD, DAD, IF YOU HADN'T MADE IT.... I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU COME!

MY LIFE IS BUT A TOOL IN MY DEDICATION, ADAM--ANY STEP I TAKE TOWARD FINDING KURT'S MURDERER IS NOT ONLY WORTHWHILE, BUT **NECESSARY**. I CAN USUALLY CARE FOR MYSELF, AND WHEN I CAN'T...

... SOMEONE WILL ALWAYS AID ME.



I'LL SECOND THAT LAST CLAUSE.

FATHER, IF YOU HADN'T GIVEN ME A **BOOST**, THE GREAT PENDRAGON WOULD HAVE ENDED HIS CAREER IN A **TRULY** SPECTACULAR FASHION.

OH, PLEASE-- IT WAS ONLY **NATURAL**. AS A PRIEST, I BECOME VERY **USED** TO HELPING OTHERS.



AND I REPEAT FATHER **JONAS'** ADMONITION: "OH, **PLEASE**." YOU **NEEDED** SOMEONE; I WAS CLOSE.

VAMPIRELLA...





THAT AVALANCHE **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN NATURAL--I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THEIR CAUSES TO KNOW **THAT**.

MR. CORNELIUS DEVLIN JUST DOESN'T WANT US **UP** THERE--SO I'M **GETTING** US UP THERE AS FAST AS I POSSIBLY **CAN**!

GOOD! THEN LET'S MOVE ON.



CLIMBING A SLOPE IS USUALLY DONE A CERTAIN WAY: EYES ARE LOCKED ON THE GROUND TO AVOID **STUMBLING**, BUT THOUGH THE PATH IS NOW CHOKED WITH SNOW AND ROCKS, FOUR SIGHTED SETS OF EYES WATCH ONLY THE **CHALET**.



IS EVERYBODY READY TO **TRAVEL**? HOW'S YOUR ARM, VAMPIRELLA?

FRANKLY, IT'S NOT TOO **GOOD**, ADAM. THOUGH DRACULA'S BITE COULD NOT **INFECT** ME, HIS FANGS SANK **DEEP**.

STILL I WON'T SLOW US DOWN.

BUT EVEN WHEN THE HUNTERS REACH THE SUMMIT, THERE IS NO FURTHER **SIGN** OF CORNELIUS DEVLIN.



THIS IS NOT THE WAY IT LOOKED WHEN I WAS HERE **BEFORE**. HE'S TURNED IT INTO A **FORTRESS**!



WHATEVER HE'S **DOING** IN THERE, IT MUST BE BOTH **EXTREMELY IMPORTANT** AND **TIME-CONSUMING**. IF HE HASN'T GOTTEN **AWAY** YET.

ON THE OTHER HAND, HOW COULD HE **KNOW** THAT ANYONE WOULD BE TRACING HIM? YOU MUST ADMIT, THIS IS AN EXCELLENT HIDING PLACE.

UNTIL NOW, IT'S A **TRAP** FOR HIM. HE'S GOT **NOWHERE** TO RUN.

BUT THEN, WITH SEARING SUDDENNESS--



FIRE!
FIRE BURNING ON COLD **SNOW!!**

MORE OF DEVLIN'S MAGIC! IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH, THOUGH-- NOT WHEN I CAN STILL SEE THE **CHALET** THROUGH IT!

THE FIRE'S NOT **THICK** ENOUGH TO STOP US!



--AND HE IS NOT **ALONE**!



IN TRUTH, HARDLY **ANYTHING** WOULD BE ENOUGH TO STOP ADAM VAN HELSING AT THIS MOMENT. FOR NOW, HE IS A **HOUND**, WITH THE HARE ONLY **SECONDS** AWAY--



WITHIN HIS WARREN, THE HARE RAGES IN IMPOTENT **FRENZY**. THE MURDER OF KURT VAN HELSING HAS COME BACK TO **HAUNT** HIM--AND THE **SPECTRE** HE SEES IS THE SPECTRE OF IRRESISTABLE **RETRIBUTION**!



DEVLIN HAS ONLY HIS **HOUSE** TO PROTECT HIM...



--AND **NOW** HE IS DENIED EVEN **THAT**!





ARCING **DARK** AGAINST THE YELLOW-RED FLAMES, RIDING THE UPDRAFTS WITH THE SKILL OF **YEARS**, THE SMALL BAT-CREATURE WITH THE INJURED WING SAILS BEYOND THE FIRE-WALL...

...AND DROPS TOWARD HER FOE LIKE A HUNTING **HAWK**.'





WE'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH THIS BUSINESS OF "THANKS" DR. VAN HELSING. I JUST FELT MY TRAINING MIGHT BE **USEFUL** IN STOPPING HIM--THOUGH LUCKILY, WE ONLY NEEDED A GOOD RIGHT **ARM**.



WELL STRUCK, SIR!

VAMPIRELLA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, ADAM... I'M FINE.

I TENDER YOU MY **THANKS**. FATHER, THOUGH THIS WAS A **VAN HELSING** MATTER--A VERY **PERSONAL** AFFAIR--YOU HAVE AIDED US **GREATLY**.



IF I CAN STICK MY **NOSE** IN AGAIN, HOWEVER--WE **SHOULD** HEAD BACK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN RIGHT AWAY, SO WE DON'T GET **STRANDED** HERE WHEN **DARKNESS** FALLS.

AS A CARD CARRYING MEMBER OF COWARDS ANONYMOUS, I'D HAVE TO SAY THAT THE FATHER HAS THE RIGHT **IDEA**.



I AGREE, FATHER. WE CAN **QUESTION** HIM WHEN WE GET TO YOUR **CHURCH**.



VAMPIRELLA, ARE YOU **COMING**?

CERTAINLY, ADAM. I'LL BE RIGHT **WITH** YOU.



OH NO!
IT CAN'T
BE!

A SLED!
PENDRAGON,
WHERE DID
YOU EVER
FIND IT?

IT WAS **OBVIOUS**, FATHER.
THE SCOUNDREL **MUST** HAVE HAD
SOME MANNER OF TRANSPORTING
FOOD AND OTHER STAPLES TO HIS
LAIR IN TIMES PAST.

THAT'S
GREAT,
PENDRAGON.
NOW WE WON'T
HAVE TO **CARRY** HIM.



I'LL MAKE
SURE HE'S SECURELY
STRAPPED DOWN...



NO!!



STAND **AWAY** FROM THAT MAN, "FATHER." I **KNOW** NOW WHO THE **REAL** VILLAIN IN THIS PIECE IS.



A **CROSS**--
A DAMNED
CROSS!



VAMPIRELLA, WHAT ARE YOU **DOING?** **DEVLIN** CAUSED THE **AVALANCHE**--AND WE **SAW** HIM CALL UP THOSE **FIRE WALLS!**

DID WE, PENDRAGON? OR DID WE SEE SOMEONE **ELSE** WORKING MAGIC IN ATTEMPTS TO **MISDIRECT** US-- SOMEONE LIKE **FATHER JONAS** HERE?

LOOK AT THE WAY HE **RECOILS** FROM THIS **CRUCIFIX!**

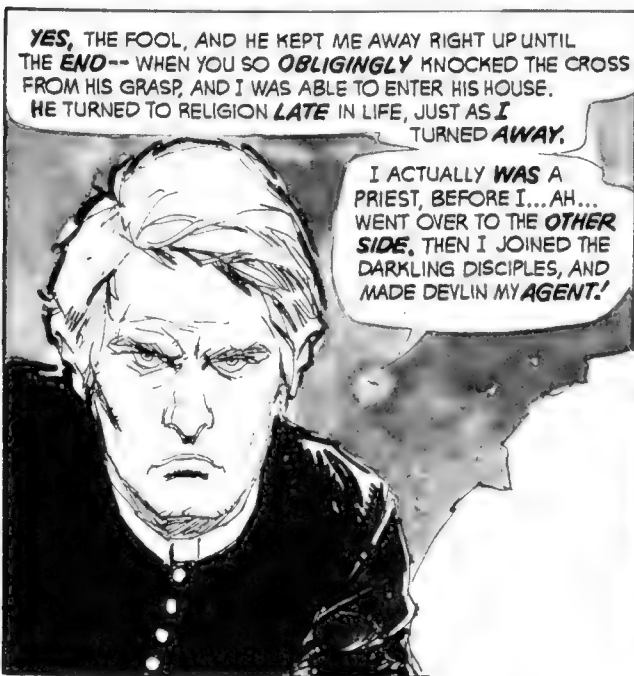


THAT'S HOW I **KNEW!** THINK BACK--WE NEVER SAW ONE SINGLE **CROSS** ANYWHERE AROUND THE FATHER--NOT IN HIS **CHURCH** AND NOT ON **HIM!**

THE IDEA **NAGGED** ME, THOUGH I COULDN'T PIN IT DOWN--SO I LOOKED IN THAT ROOM **DEVLIN** WAS TRYING SO **DESPERATELY** TO REACH--AND FOUND THAT IT WAS **FULL** OF CRUCIFIXES... A FEW **METAL** ONES, AND MANY MORE HE'D CARVED OUT OF **WOOD!**



OF THE **TWO** OF YOU, "FATHER," **DEVLIN** WAS THE RELIGIOUS ONE. THAT GLITTERING OBJECT HE HELD WAS **ANOTHER** CRUCIFIX--! HE WAS TRYING TO **WARD YOU OFF!**



YES, THE FOOL, AND HE KEPT ME AWAY RIGHT UP UNTIL THE **END**-- WHEN YOU SO **OBLIGINGLY** KNOCKED THE CROSS FROM HIS GRASP, AND I WAS ABLE TO ENTER HIS HOUSE. HE TURNED TO RELIGION **LATE** IN LIFE, JUST AS I TURNED **AWAY.**

I ACTUALLY **WAS** A PRIEST, BEFORE I... AH... WENT OVER TO THE **OTHER SIDE**, THEN I JOINED THE DARKLING DISCIPLES, AND MADE **DEVLIN** MY **AGENT!**



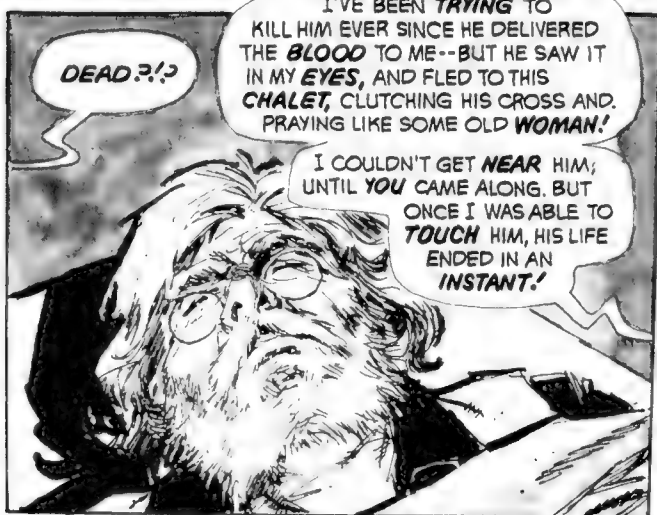
HE BROUGHT THE **PLANE** DOWN ALL RIGHT, BUT ON **MY** ORDERS, WITH THE AID OF MY **ENCHANTMENTS**, HE PROTECTED HIMSELF FROM **HARM**--

--AND THEN BROUGHT ME THE BLOOD OF **THREE** PASSENGERS, AS I **DEMANDED!**



BUT WHY **THOSE THREE**--WHY MY **BROTHER**?

YOU'LL NEVER **KNOW**, OLD MAN. THE ONLY ONE WHO WOULD **TELL** YOU MY FRIEND **DEVLIN** HERE, IS **DEAD**!



THEN **YOU'LL** TELL US THE SECRET, SINCE YOU FEAR THE **CROSS** I HOLD.

OH **NO**, **VAMPIRELLA**. YOU FORGET, I HAVE THE **POWER OF FIRE**--



THE INSTINCTIVE **REACTION** IS TO BEAT AT THE BLAZE WITH THE OTHER HAND, AND IF THAT HAND HOLDS ANY **OBJECT**, THAT OBJECT MUST BE **DROPPED**.



FLASH! THE STERILE GAUZE ERUPTS IN A **PAROXYSM** OF FLAME, AND WHITE **AGONY** LANCES THE GIRL'S ARM!

JONAS WHIRLS, FULLY AWARE OF THAT FACT....

BUT THE MAID OF **DRAKULON** HAS SPENT BITTER **MONTHS** LEARNING TO FIGHT HER INSTINCTS. SHE ENDURES THE PAIN ONE ETERNAL MOMENT **LONGER**--

BARELY DOES IT NICK THE **EARLOBE** OF THE FLEEING PRIEST...

...BUT THE EFFECT IS UNEXPECTED AND **TERRIBLE!**



AS IS THE **AFTER-EFFECT.**



VAMPIRELLA--
ARE YOU HURT?

NO, ADAM. WHEN
JONAS BURST INTO
FLAME, MY BURNS
DISAPPEARED.



JONAS--GONE,
JUST LIKE **THAT.** THE
ONE MAN WHO COULD
TELL US ABOUT UNCLE
KURT'S DEATH.



NONSENSE,
ADAM. JONAS TOLD
US HE BELONGED TO
A CULT CALLED THE
DARKLING DISCIPLES.
WE MAY NOT KNOW
NOW WERE THEY
ARE--

--BUT SUCH A SITUATION WILL NOT **CONTINUE**. THEY WILL MAKE **MOVES**, MAKE **MISTAKES**-- AND THUS MAKE THEMSELVES **KNOWN** TO ME.

I WILL NOT **REST** UNTIL **EACH** HAS PAID-- I SWEAR IT TO YOU AND TO **KURT**!

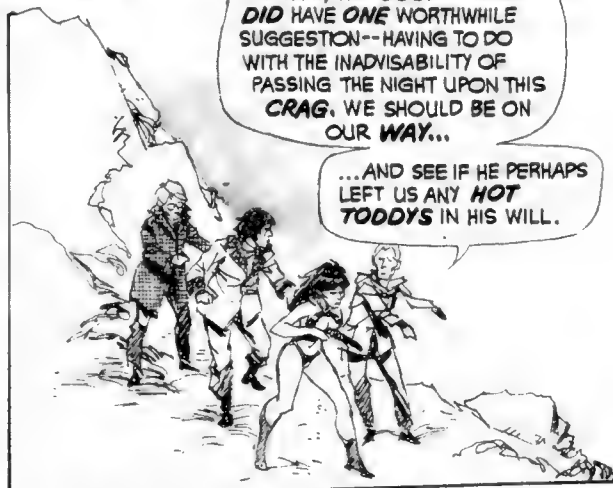


BUT, DR. VAN HELSING... WHY DIDN'T YOUR SECOND SIGHT ALERT YOU TO **FATHER JONAS'** EVIL?



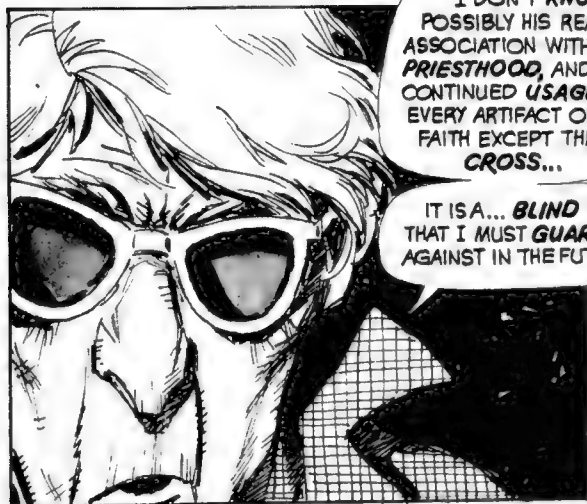
AND **SPEAKING** OF THAT, THE GOOD FATHER DID HAVE **ONE** WORTHWHILE SUGGESTION--HAVING TO DO WITH THE INADVISABILITY OF PASSING THE NIGHT UPON THIS **Crag**. WE SHOULD BE ON OUR **WAY**...

...AND SEE IF HE PERHAPS LEFT US ANY **HOT TODDYS** IN HIS WILL.



I DON'T **KNOW**. POSSIBLY HIS REAL ASSOCIATION WITH THE **PRIESTHOOD**, AND HIS CONTINUED **USAGE** OF EVERY ARTIFACT OF FAITH EXCEPT THE **CROSS**...

IT IS A... **BLIND SPOT**... THAT I MUST **GUARD** AGAINST IN THE FUTURE.



EPILOGUE: IT WILL TAKE THESE ADVENTURERS **FIFTY MINUTES** TO DESCEND THE MOUNTAIN--A TASK WHICH **FATHER JONAS** COMPLETED IN MERE SECONDS. STILL, THEY WILL SURVIVE THEIR JOURNEY...

...AND **HE**, OF COURSE, DID... NOT?



NEXT: THE WITCH QUEEN OF BAYOU PARISH!

ORPHEUS

TOMB OF THE GODS!



THE **GODS** ARE CRUEL, MY DARLING **EURYDICE**, THEY ALLOW US TO **WED**, THEN **SEPARATE** US, A SHORT TIME LATER! BUT I'LL **FIND** YOU, MY DARLING, EVEN IF I MUST SEARCH THE DARKEST REGIONS OF **HELL** TO DO SO.



DEEP WITHIN THE **VALLEY OF SHADOWS**, ORPHEUS TRAVELS... TO ENLIST THE AID OF **HYPNUS**, GOD OF DREAMS.

YES, I KNOW OF YOUR FLIGHT, ORPHEUS. YOU THINK ANYTHING ESCAPES MY WATCHFUL EYE?



HYPNUS... SHOW ME THE WAY TO **HADES**. I GO TO CLAIM WHAT IS MINE.

THEN FOLLOW ME BRAVE ORPHEUS... AND YOU WILL KNOW THE PATH YOUR BELOVED HAS TAKEN.

BENEATH THE EBON CRYPT OF HYPNUS, A SILVER STAIRCASE WINDS ITS WAY THROUGH DARK SHADOWED CORRIDORS. TWO DAYS PASS BEFORE A FLICKER OF LIGHT GREETS THE TWO. A WORLD LIES BEFORE THEM... STRANGE... BIZARRE... AND SUDDENLY TERRIFYING...

YOU DRAW BACK? DOES MY WORLD SURPRISE YOU?

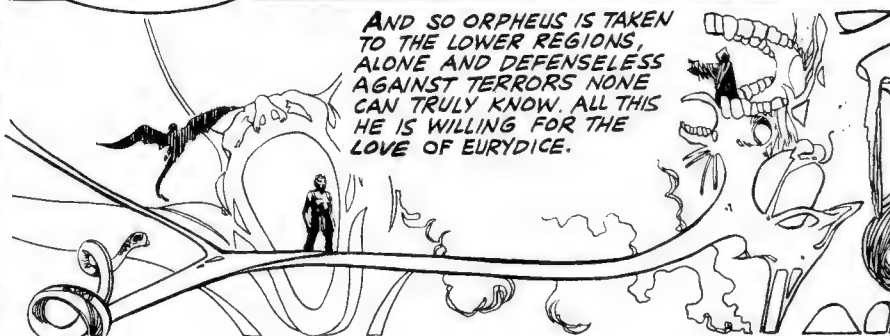
I SEEK EURYDICE. WHERE IS MY WOMAN, GOD OF DREAMS?



BENEATH THE LOWER DEPTHS, ORPHEUS... WHERE ONLY THE WINGED **SYTH** CAN TAKE YOU. GOOD JOURNEY, BRAVE WARRIOR!



AND SO ORPHEUS IS TAKEN TO THE LOWER REGIONS, ALONE AND DEFENSELESS AGAINST TERRORS NONE CAN TRULY KNOW. ALL THIS HE IS WILLING FOR THE LOVE OF EURYDICE.



EURYDICES' MOVEMENTS, HOWEVER, WERE NOT HER OWN. FOR A LONG TIME THERE WAS BLACKNESS, AND A SHARP PAIN NOW DISTANT AND DULLED. THROUGH THE VEILED DARKNESS SHE SAW CHARON, BOATMAN OF HELL, READYING HIS BOAT TO TAKE HER PAST CERBERUS, GUARDIAN OF THE GATES TO HADES.



"NOW CLOSE YOUR QUIET EYES, FAIR ONE... THE TRIP THROUGH HELL IS TERRIFYING TO THE BRAVEST OF WARRIORS!"



ABOVE THEM HARPIES... VILE CREATURES BORNE OF THE STORM WINDS, FLY ON, BUT EVEN THEY IGNORE THE RAFT OF THE DEAD.

THE STORM WINDS RIP EURYDICES' LUXURIOUS CAPE FROM HER, TEARING IT FROM HER FRAIL FLESH...



AND THE STORM LINGERS ON THROUGH MOST OF THE NIGHT, AND INTO THE NEXT MORNING...

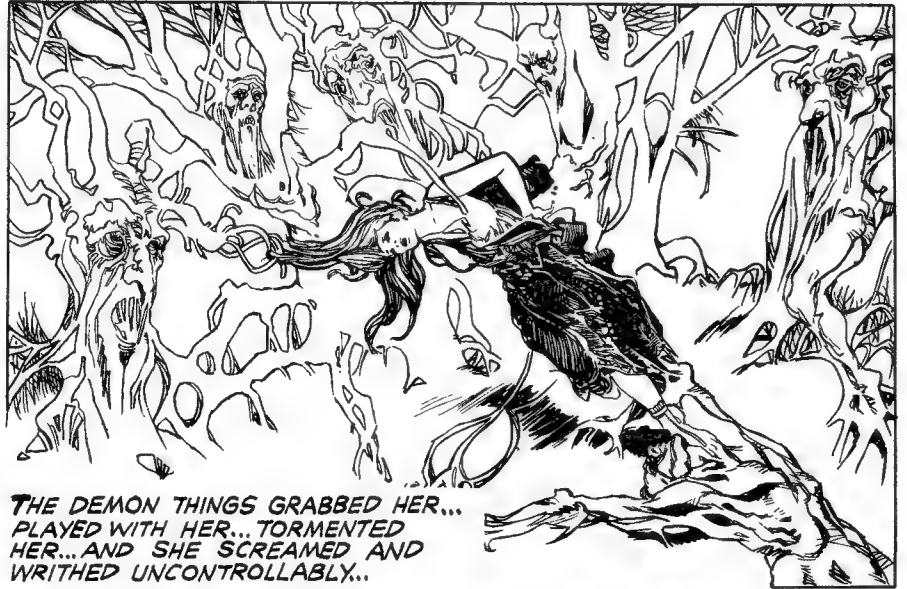
THEY ARRIVE, AT LAST, TO THE COAST OF CORPSES, OUTERMOST EDGE OF TARTARUS.



ALONE...AN ETERNITY ALONE...IN A WORLD OF THE DEAD...SHE PRAYED FOR SALVATION...



AND THEN SHE SAW IT...



THE DEMON THINGS GRABBED HER... PLAYED WITH HER... TORMENTED HER... AND SHE SCREAMED AND WRITHED UNCONTROLLABLY...

UNTIL SHE BROKE FREE OF THE ROTTING GRIP... AND SHE RAN...



...BREATHLESSLY...



FOR AN ENDLESS TIME LONGER,
SHE ONLY KNEW SHE WAS MOVING.
SHE MUST ALWAYS BE MOVING,
FOR IF SHE STOPPED...
THEY WOULD HAVE HER.



IF I'M DEAD ? THEN WHY
DO I STILL REASON AND
THINK? PERHAPS...PERHAPS
ORPHEUS KNOWS WHERE
I AM AND IS SEARCHING
FOR ME NOW.



SHE WAS NEVER SLOWED BY THE
SHADOWY FORMS THAT MOVED
ABOUT HER... FOR EACH WAS A
DIFFERENT HORROR... BUT THEN...
FROM THE DARKNESS...



ORPHEUS...
IS THAT
YOU?

YES, I AM
ORPHEUS. I AM
ANYONE YOU WISH
ME TO BE!



NO!
YOU ARE
NOT
ORPHEUS!..

YOU ARE
COLD AS
DEATHLESS
STONE!



THEN DIE,
WORTHLESS
WENCH...DIE
A THOUSAND
DEATHS!

...DIE... FOR
THE GOD OF
DEATH
DEMANDS IT!

EURYDICE
FALLS, AND ALL
THE WAY THROUGH
ENDLESS SPACE
SHE CALLS FOR
ORPHEUS... TO SAVE
HER FROM THIS
ENDLESS HELL...



EURYDICE REMAINS STILL. A STRANGE COLD SURROUNDS HER, AS BLACKNESS AND SILENCE COMPETE TO SMOTHER HER IN THEIR ETERNAL BLANKET. SHE STRUGGLES, BUT STILL SHE IS AFRAID OF WHAT WILL AWAIT HER IF SHE OPENS HER EYES.



ORPHEUS...COME TO ME! THERE IS EVIL HERE AND I DO NOT KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN WITHSTAND IT.



BUT PAIN OVERCOMES HER AND DELIRIUM SETS IN, AS SHE IS HOISTED BY THE HAND OF SLEEP.



DEAR FRAGILE THING... WHY MUST YOU RESIST ME? ALL THE WORLDLY PLEASURES ARE HERE. YOU HAVE BUT TO CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THEY WILL BE YOURS.

NO, I CAN NOT GIVE IN. ORPHEUS IS COMING, I KNOW IT. HE WILL TAKE ME FROM THIS HORRIBLE PLACE!



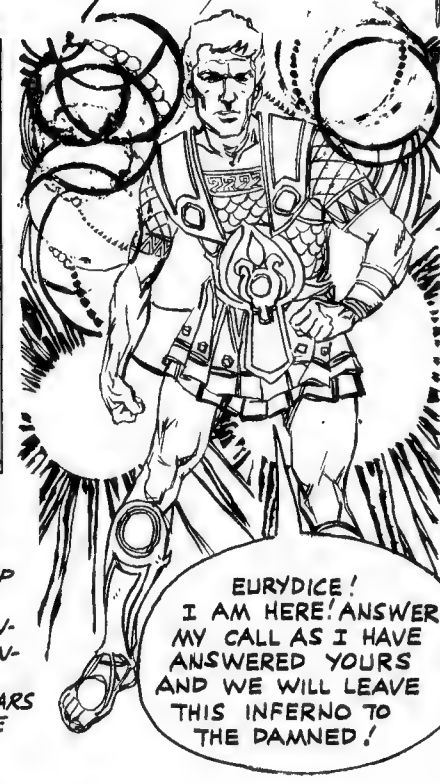
TEMPT YOU? OH, YOU DO WRONG ME, PRETTY ONE. I THINK ONLY OF YOUR SAFETY, AND OF ESCAPE FOR YOU FROM THIS HELL!

ETERNAL PEACE, EURYDICE. TIME WITHOUT BURDENS OR MISERY. MERELY RELAX...AND THINK OF SLEEP... EVER-LASTING SLEEP...



EURYDICE STRUGGLES, BUT THE HEAVY HAND OF SLEEP CAUSES HER FIGHT TO SLOWLY WANE... SLOWLY, SURELY, THE WORDS SHE HEARS BEGIN TO MAKE SENSE... BUT ELSEWHERE...

EURYDICE! I AM HERE! ANSWER MY CALL AS I HAVE ANSWERED YOURS AND WE WILL LEAVE THIS INFERNO TO THE DAMNED!



WHO SHOUTS IN THE KINGDOM OF SILENCE?

ORPHEUS, THE POET. I SEEK ONE WHO HAS COME TO YOU TOO SOON.





A POET? HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE THESE HALLS HAVE BEEN FILLED WITH MUSIC. WILL YOU SING FOR HECATE, POET?

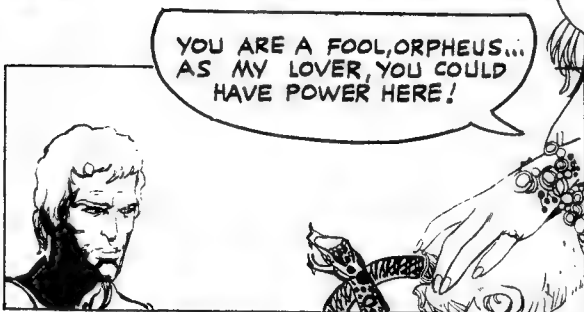
HECATE, GODDESS OF THE WITCHES, STARES AT ORPHEUS IN DELIGHT. LONG HAS SHE BEEN SERRENADED BY A POET... A MAN OF GOSSIMER WORDS...



NO! MY EURYDICE HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM ME, AND MY LYRE REMAINS MUTE UNTIL AGAIN WE ARE JOINED.



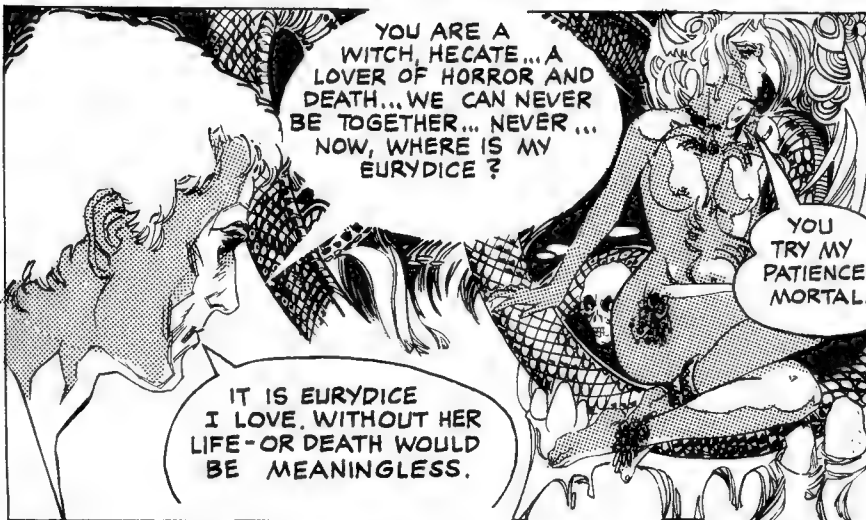
MY LOVE CAN ONLY BE SHARED WITH EURYDICE. I FEAR SUCH A THING WOULD BE HARD TO UNDERSTAND TO ONE AS COLD-BLOODED AS YOU.



YOU ARE A FOOL, ORPHEUS... AS MY LOVER, YOU COULD HAVE POWER HERE!



NOT AS COLD-BLOODED AS YOU MAY THINK, ORPHEUS. STAY WITH ME AND LET ME PROVE MY WARMTH TO YOU.



YOU ARE A WITCH, HECATE... A LOVER OF HORROR AND DEATH... WE CAN NEVER BE TOGETHER... NEVER... NOW, WHERE IS MY EURYDICE?

YOU TRY MY PATIENCE, MORTAL...

IT IS EURYDICE I LOVE. WITHOUT HER LIFE - OR DEATH WOULD BE MEANINGLESS.

HECATE WATCHED HIM AS HE TURNED TO LEAVE. HE TURNED AND SHE SMILED AT HIM... BUT BENEATH THAT SMILE WAS A HEART FILLED WITH HATE... HATE FOR THE MAN WHO DARED SPURN HER!



... AND THEN SHE STRUCK...

THEN JOIN
YOUR LOVE...
IN DEATH!!

AND, WITH A SINGLE
GESTURE, SHE SENDS
ORPHEUS REELING...
REELING THROUGH TIME
AND SPACE ITSELF...

ORPHEUS APPEARS BEFORE
EURYDICE'S UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE
...BUT ABOVE HIM A SHADOWY
FIGURE DESCENDS...

EURYDICE!!
I'VE COME
TO SAVE
YOU!

... AND LANDS...

DEATH! EVEN YOU
CAN'T STOP ME
FROM RESCUING
MY LOVE!

EURYDICE
IS MINE,
DEMON...

SHE **MUST**
LIVE AGAIN.

SHE
MUST!

HIS TRIUMPH OVER THE
DEATH IS LITTLE THOUGHT
OF AS HE RUSHES TO THE
SIDE OF EURYDICE.

EURYDICE,
MY LOVE...WE
HAVE WON.
WE HAVE...

...AND HE
PAUSES...
FOR HE
WAS TOO
LATE...
FAR TOO
LATE...

SLEEP WELL
PRECIOUS ONE
...AND REMEMBER
THAT ORPHEUS
LOVED YOU!

ORPHEUS WALKS TOWARDS
THE SURFACE, TOWARDS
THE DARKNESS WITH HIS
BELOVED IN HIS ARMS...
TO JOIN FOREVER WITH
HIS LOVE... IN AN ETER-
NITY OF DEATH! FOR
NONE, SAVE THE GODS
THEMSELVES, HAVE EVER
RETURNED FROM THE
KINGDOM OF THE DEAD!

PROLOGUE:



TODAY, HAUNTED HOUSES ARE CONSIDERED BY MANY TO BE THINGS OF THE PAST. BUT HERE, IN THE SMALL COMMUNITY OF BUSHNELL'S BASIN, STANDS A HOUSE WHICH MANY A LOCAL CITIZEN STILL CONSIDERS HAUNTED. IT IS IN A RUIN NOW, BUT IN THE 1800'S, IT WAS THE STately HOME OF ONE JUDGE CRATIN, A MAN WITH A STRONG SENSE OF JUSTICE...

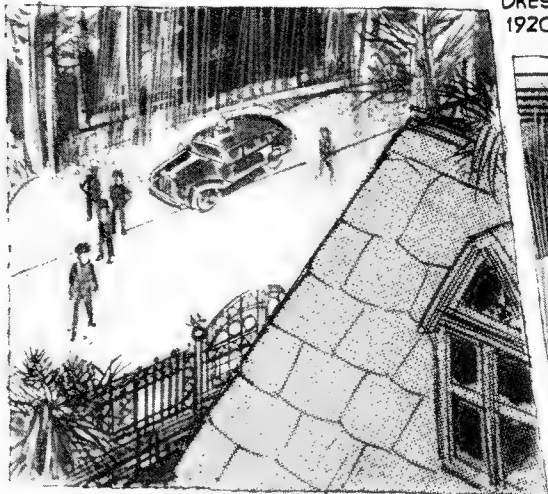


MANY CITIZENS STILL SPEAK OF WHAT HAPPENED HERE BACK IN THE 1940'S. THEY REMEMBER WELL THE PETTY THIEF BEING CHASED BY THE LOCAL POLICE, RUNNING TO THIS HOUSE, RUSHING INSIDE...

THEY REMEMBER THE POLICE SURROUNDING THE HOUSE, SHOUTING FOR THE THIEF TO COME OUT, TELLING HIM HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE...

THEY REMEMBER THE DOOR SQUEAKING OPEN, BUT, INSTEAD OF THE THIEF, ANOTHER MAN WALKED OUT... A MAN WEIRDLY DRESSED IN CLOTHING OF THE 1920'S...

THE POLICE STOPPED THIS MAN, TRIED TO QUESTION HIM, BUT ALL THIS MAN WOULD SAY AGAIN, WAS, "YOU CANNOT HOLD ME. I HAVE SERVED MY SENTENCE." THE POLICE FINALLY LET THIS MAN WALK ON...



THE THIEF WAS OBVIOUSLY STILL IN THE HOUSE. HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN OUT WITHOUT BEING SEEN; ALL THE EXIT-WAYS WERE GUARDED. THE POLICE WAITED AND WAITED, SHOUTING FOR THE THIEF TO COME OUT... THEN, FINALLY MOVED IN, SEARCHED THE WHOLE HOUSE. BUT, STRANGELY, THEY COULD FIND NO TRACE OF THE THIEF...

MANY OF THE LOCAL CITIZENS BELIEVE THAT THE THIEF IS STILL IN THAT HOUSE SOMEWHERE, THAT HE WAS SENTENCED AND IS BEING HELD THERE BY THE SPIRIT OF OLD JUDGE CRATIN...





WITH THAT PULSATING PROLOGUE WE OPEN A TERROR TALE OF THE INTERTWINING OF EVIL AND INNOCENCE AT THE RENDERING OF...

THE SENTENCE!

NOW, AS YOU AND YOUR DATE FOR THE EVENING LEAVE THE LOCAL BUSHNELL'S BASIN MOTION-PICTURE THEATRE...



DID YOU LIKE THE FLICK, WALLY?

I'M NOT QUITE SURE! DON'T REALLY THINK I UNDERSTOOD IT!

THE WAY EVERYTHING WAS ALL JUMBLED UP-- THE KID WAS *BEING BORN* AT THE SAME TIME THAT HE WAS GOING TO *HIGH SCHOOL* AT THE SAME TIME THAT HE WAS GOING TO *COLLEGE* AT THE SAME TIME THAT HE WAS *GETTING MARRIED!*



WHY COULDN'T THINGS HAVE BEEN PUT IN SOME SORT OF *CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER?* THEN MAYBE, I'DA BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THE FLICK!

I GUESS THE DIRECTOR WAS TRYING TO FOLLOW *JOYCE'S THEORY!*

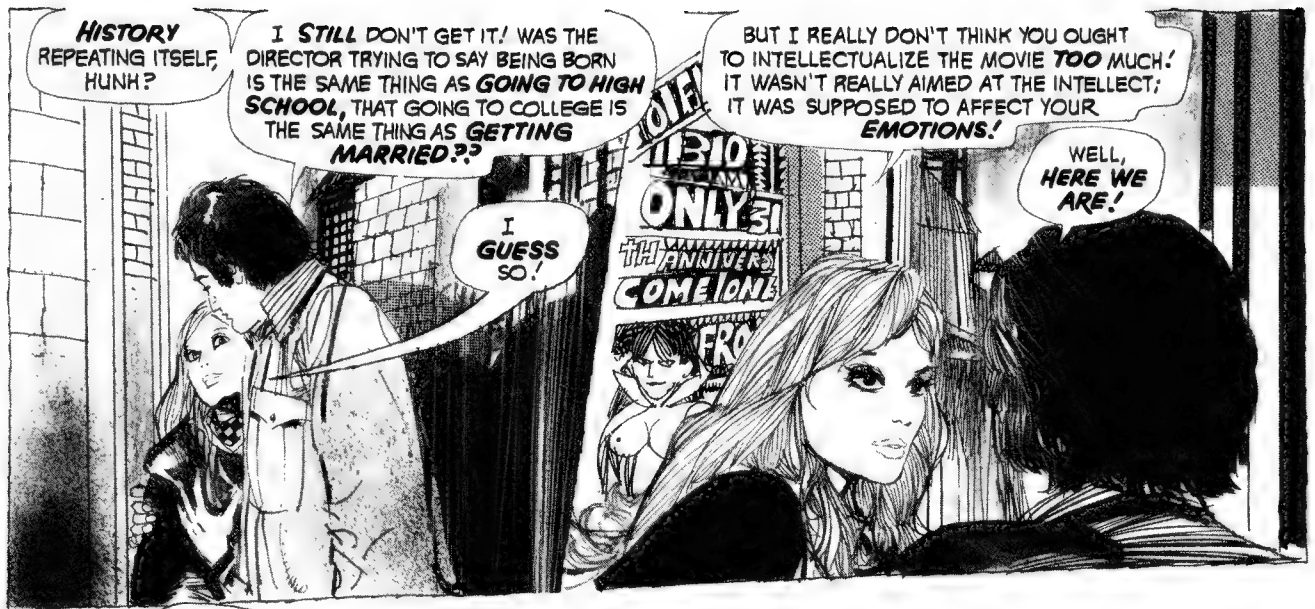
YOU KNOW, HISTORY IS ALWAYS REPEATING ITSELF, SO WHY NOT STRUCTURE A STORY AS THOUGH EVERYTHING IS HAPPENING AT THE SAME TIME!



JOYCE WHO?

JAMES JOYCE! YOU KNOW, LIKE IN "FINNEGAN'S WAKE."

OH!



HISTORY
REPEATING ITSELF,
HUNH?

I STILL DON'T GET IT! WAS THE
DIRECTOR TRYING TO SAY BEING BORN
IS THE SAME THING AS GOING TO HIGH
SCHOOL, THAT GOING TO COLLEGE IS
THE SAME THING AS GETTING
MARRIED??

BUT I REALLY DON'T THINK YOU OUGHT
TO INTELLECTUALIZE THE MOVIE **TOO** MUCH!
IT WASN'T REALLY AIMED AT THE INTELLECT;
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO AFFECT YOUR
EMOTIONS!

WELL,
HERE WE
ARE!

I
GUESS
SO!



NIGHT,
WALLY!

AND DON'T WORRY
TOO MUCH ABOUT NOT
UNDERSTANDING THE
MOVIE! TO TELL YOU THE
TRUTH, I DON'T THINK
I UNDERSTOOD IT
EITHER!

HUNH?
WHAT DOES SHE
MEAN BY **THAT**?
IS SHE BEING
HONEST? OR
SARCASTIC -- TRYING
TO PUT ME DOWN!??

OH WELL...

NIGHT,
CHERYL!



JUST THEN...

HELP!
THIEF! STOP
THAT MAN!

HUNH??

OOMPHE!



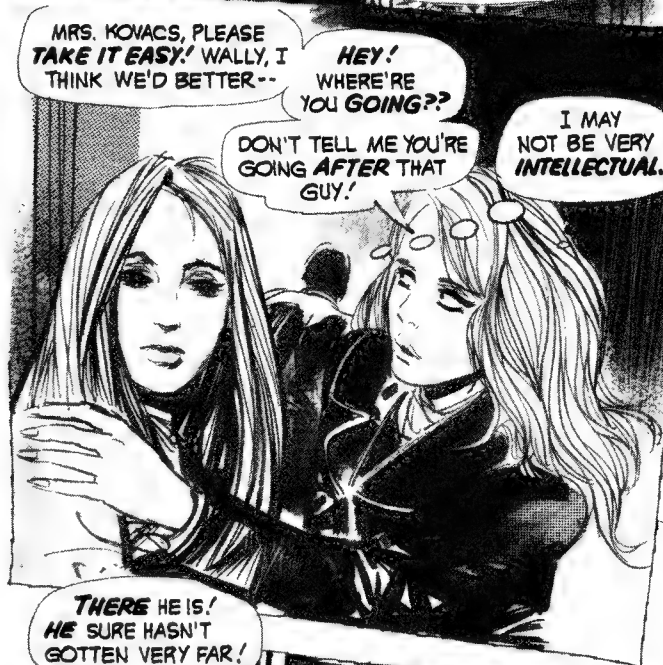
WHAT *IS* IT, MRS. KOVACS?? PLEASE CALM DOWN!

THAT MAN! I CAUGHT HIM IN MY APARTMENT! HE WAS GOING THROUGH MY THINGS! HE'S GOT MY JEWELRY!

IT'S THE *ONLY* THING I'VE GOT THAT'S *WORTH* ANYTHING!



THIS IS MY CHANCE TO IMPRESS CHERYL...



MRS. KOVACS, PLEASE TAKE IT EASY! WALLY, I THINK WE'D BETTER--

HEY! WHERE'RE YOU GOING??

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING AFTER THAT GUY!

I MAY NOT BE VERY INTELLECTUAL...



BUT IT WON'T TAKE AN INTELLECTUAL TO CATCH THAT GUY!

IT'LL TAKE SOMETHING LIKE A *TRACK-STAR*... AND THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I AM!



GOOD GOD! WHAT IF HE'S GOT A GUN! DON'T WANT TO GET SHOT JUST TO PROVE A POINT!

BUT... I'VE STARTED! CAN'T VERY WELL GIVE IT UP NOW!



THA KID! COMING AFTER ME

SURE WISH I HAD A GUN! I'D LIKE TO PLUG HIM GOOD!

TURNING DOWN THAT *SIDE-STREET* WON'T HELP HIM!

I'LL HAVE HIM BEFORE HE'S *HALF-WAY* DOWN THAT STREET! UNLESS, OF COURSE, HE *SHOTS* ME FIRST!

HOWEVER...

WHA-?
GONE!

MUST'VE REALLY
PUT ON THE
SPEED!

BETTER CHECK
AROUND THE NEXT
CORNER!

WHEW!...

THIS PLACE IS SURE
A MESS! DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE ANYONE'S LIVED HERE
FOR YEARS!

LOOKS LIKE I
PICKED THE **RIGHT**
PLACE TO DUCK
INTO! THIS PLACE
COULD MAKE A
NICE "**BASE OF**
OPERATIONS,"
AS THEY SAY!

THANK GOD!
HE DIDN'T SEE ME
DUCK IN HERE!

NOT THAT I'M REALLY
AFRAID OF THAT KID! BUT
I COULDN'T AFFORD TO
HAVE HIM CATCH UP TO ME!

THE **POLICE** MIGHT'VE SHOWN
UP WHILE I WAS **BEATING** THE
IDIOT OFF!

HMM! THAT'S
STRANGE!

THAT **STATUE!** SEEMS
TO BE IN **PERFECT**
CONDITION!

... WHILE EVERYTHING
ELSE IN THIS HOUSE IS
BROKEN AND
RUINED!

THEN, STRANGELY...

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON? I SEEM TO BE DRAWN TO THAT STATUE!

OH WELL, MAYBE IT'S JUST MY **PROFESSIONAL INSTINCTS!** AFTER ALL, THAT THING - CERTAINLY **LOOKS** LIKE IT MIGHT BE WORTH SOMETHING!

BUT, AS HE TOUCHES THE BUST, SOMETHING AKIN TO AN ELECTRICAL CHARGE PASSES THROUGH HIM... FIRST, THERE IS PAIN... INCREDIBLE PAIN... THEN, THE CONSCIOUSNESS IS DRAWN OUT OF HIM...

ZZZZAPPPP!

...WHILE...

NOPE! HE'S NOWHERE UP AHEAD! MUST'VE EVADED ME SOMEHOW!

BETTER TURN BACK-- SEE IF I CAN PICK UP HIS TRAIL!

PERHAPS I'M CARRYING THIS A **BIT TOO FAR!** BUT I CAN'T JUST **GIVE UP NOW!**

COULD BE HE **DUCKED INTO A DOORWAY** OK SOMETHING, AND I DIDN'T **NOTICE HIM** AS I RUSHED PAST!

THE OLD **CRATIN HOUSE!** FORGOT THAT WAS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

THERE ARE **ALL SORTS** OF STORIES ABOUT THAT PLACE!

DON'T TELL ME HE HID **IN THERE!**

HEY! WAIT...

SOMEONE'S **COMING OUT!** MIGHT BE **HIM!** MUST BE! WHO ELSE WOULD--

NO! WAIT! IT ISN'T HIM!





NEVER SAW ANYONE DRESSED
LIKE *THAT* AROUND *HERE*!
NOT EVEN AS A *GAG*!

THOUGHT CLOTHES
LIKE THAT WENT OUT IN
THE 1940'S!



BUT THIS IS HARDLY THE TIME
TO THINK ABOUT *CLOTHES*!

THAT THIEF MIGHT STILL
BE HIDING IN *HERE*
SOMEWHERE! BETTER
CHECK IT OUT!



WARILY, YOU SEARCH THE HOUSE...
SEARCH EVERY ROOM...

NOPE! NO SIGN
OF *HIM*!

BUT *THERE'S* SOMETHING
THAT LOOKS INTERESTING!



THESE JEWELS
LOOK LIKE THEY WERE
RECENTLY DROPPED
HERE! THERE'S NO
DUST ON THEM AT
ALL!

SOMETHING TELLS
ME THESE MIGHT BE
MRS. KOVAC'S
JEWELS!



GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL KEEP SEARCHING AROUND!
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE *GOT AWAY*!

OH WELL... AT LEAST IT LOOKS
LIKE I MAY HAVE *RETRIEVED THE*
STOLEN GOODS!



LOOKS LIKE *MRS. KOVAC'S*
STOLEN JEWELS HAS TURNED OUT TO BE
A COMPLETE *BUST*! AT
LEAST UNTIL THE
STATUE OF
LIBERTY'S PLANS
OUT ON *WALL*!



LONG NIGHTS OF INTENSE INVESTIGATION AND SEARCHING FINALLY BARE FRUIT AS TWO PRIESTS OF THE VILLAGE OF ALBA LULIA IN TRANSYLVANIA CLOSE IN UPON ONE OF THE UNDEAD, TRAPPING HIM WITHIN THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT BUILDING.



THE ANCIENT STONE FLOOR RESOUNDS LOUDLY TO THE VAMPIRE'S POUNDING FEET. FOOTPRINTS IN DUST UNDISTURBED FOR YEARS LEAVE A CLEAR TRAIL...



THE CRY OF THE DHAMPIR

... WHICH LEADS, INEVITABLY, TO A HIGH CEILINGED ROOM WITH THE ONLY DOOR BLOCKED BY THE PRIESTS.



THE BEGINNINGS OF ANOTHER TYPICAL VAMPIRE EPIC, YOU SAY... WHERE YOU KNOW BEFOREHAND EACH MOVE OF THE CHARACTERS ... AND THE END COMES DEEP IN SOME ANCIENT CATACOMB WHERE THE DOCTOR POUNDS THE CLICHÉ-RIDDEN STAKE DEEP INTO THE VAMPIRE'S BLOATED HEART. NO... NOT THIS TIME. A BREATH OF FETID AIR DIRECT FROM LEFT FIELD WILL SOON OVERTHROW ALL THE CLICHES AND CARRY WITH IT THE UNEXPECTED CRY OF THE DHAMPIR.



ART BY AURALEON / STORY BY JOHN JACOBSON



YOU TALK TOO MUCH, MAN OF GOD. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOUR TRACKING SKILL FOUND ME?

A QUICK JERK OF THE BELL ROPE RELEASES A CUNNINGLY PREPARED TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR, SENDING THE STARTLED PRIESTS FALLING INTO THE CELLAR...



COULD IT BE THAT I WANTED YOU TO FIND ME?

AN IRONIC END FOR VAMPIRE KILLERS... IS IT NOT?



YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED? YOU CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO LIVE... AND SO TELL OTHERS.

DON'T WASTE YOUR EFFORT, BYRON. I AM ALREADY ONE OF THE UNDEAD... AS YOU WELL KNOW.



DAEGGA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE... SO FAR FROM YOUR ...HOME?



WHILE IN THE FORM OF A BAT I WITNESSED YOUR FLIGHT FROM THE PRIESTS. I SAW YOU TRAPPED IN THIS BUILDING AND ENTERED IN HOPES OF PROVIDING SOME HELP. I HAVE NO LOVE FOR WOULD-BE VAMPIRE KILLERS. BUT BEFORE I COULD COME TO YOUR RESCUE YOU SPRANG YOUR LITTLE TRAP DOOR AND SENT THEM TO AN ALLEGED HEAVENLY REWARD.

AND A CLEVER TRAP IT WAS, TOO. THOSE PRIESTS WERE MAKING MY SURVIVAL INCREASINGLY PERILOUS. I RIGGED THIS TRAP LAST NIGHT AND ALLOWED THEM TO FOLLOW ME TONIGHT. BUT... AGAIN... WHY ARE YOU HERE?

THE ANSWER IS DRAMATICALLY PROVIDED AS DAEGGA LEADS BYRON TO ANOTHER ROOM OF THE ANCIENT BUILDING.



IF YOU HAD GIVEN THIS BUILDING A GOOD GOING OVER BEFORE PREPARING YOUR TRAP, YOU WOULDN'T BASK THAT QUESTION. LOOK THERE.

A COFFIN? WHOSE? IT'S NOT ONE OF MINE. YOURS THEN?



NO...NOT MINE. THE OWNER IS STILL IN THE COFFIN... COMPLETELY DESTROYED... ANNIHILATED... RETURNED TO THE FINEST ASH. HE WAS DESTROYED SO SUDDENLY THAT HE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO RESIST. LOOK AT HOW UNRUFFLED THE CLOTHING IS.

BUT WHAT KILLED HIM? I SEE NOTHING OF DANGER TO US HERE.

YES, I'VE HEARD STORIES... FILTERED THROUGH GOSSIPY OLD WOMEN. BUT I PAID THEM NO HEED.

A VAMPIRE BY THE NAME OF VLADIMIR CAME TO ME A FEW MONTHS AGO WITH A THEORY THAT THE DEATHS WERE NOT RANDOM, BUT CAUSED BY ONE AGENCY. SEARCHING FOR INFORMATION, HE CAME TO THIS VILLAGE. WHEN I CAUGHT UP TO HIM HE HAD ALREADY BEEN DESTROYED. THIS IS WHAT REMAINS OF HIM.

YOU KNOW WELL OF THE HIGH NUMBER OF VAMPIRE DEATHS DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS, BYRON.

DAEGGA UNBOLTS THE SHUTTER TO THE WINDOW. IT SWINGS OPEN, GIVING AN UNRESTRICTED VIEW OF THE VALLEY IN WHICH IS LOCATED THE VILLAGE. SOUNDS OF MUSIC AND GAITY FLOAT UP FROM BELOW.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT DESTROYED HIM?

WAGER ANYTHING? EVEN YOUR EXISTENCE?

THIS...THING... PLACES US IN DANGER ANYWAY. WILL YOU COME WITH ME... TO THE CIRCUS... IF ONLY TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND?

IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE, FAIR VAMPIRE. IT WILL BE AN INTERESTING CHANGE FOR ME. TOO LONG HAVE I CONSORTED ONLY WITH CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, CUT OFF FROM ALL HUMAN FRIVOLITY. THE LAUGHTER OF RED BLOODED CHILDREN SHALL DO MY SOUL GOOD.

THERE IS A CIRCUS AT THE EDGE OF TOWN... THE SAME CIRCUS WAS AT EACH VILLAGE IN WHICH A VAMPIRE WAS DESTROYED. IT IS MORE THAN COINCIDENCE. I'LL WAGER ANYTHING THAT OUR ENEMY IS THERE.

LAUGH NOW, IF YOU MUST. I ONLY PREY THAT YOU, AND NOT SOMETHING... ELSE... WILL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH.

SOON, AT THE CIRCUS, BYRON AND DAEGGA ARE SURROUNDED BY THE UNFAMILIAR SIGHTS OF HAPPY CROWDS OF PEOPLE OUT FOR A NIGHT'S FUN.

THE ANSWER IS HERE. BUT HOW CAN WE FIND IT AMONG THESE HIDEOUSLY NOISY CROWDS OF PEOPLE.

WE NEED PRIVACY. ONLY IN SOLITUDE CAN WE USE OUR POWERS SAFELY.

TRYPHENIA:
GYPSY FORTUNE
TELLER: SEE WHAT
THE FUTURE
HOLDS FOR YOU:
YOUR DESTINY
IN THE
TEA LEAVES

THE GYPSY...HER TENT WOULD BE DARK AND QUIET. THERE WOULD BE NO INTERRUPTION AS WE... PUT HER TO THE QUESTION.



THE FUTURE HOLDS MUCH FOR YOU, DEAR. LOVE AND SUCCESS WILL COME YOUR WAY.

SOMEBODY IS ALREADY IN THERE WITH HER.

INSIDE THE TENT.

LOVE? WILL IT BE THE BOY I AM SEEING NOW?

I MUST SEARCH DEEPER INTO THE SWELLING MISTS INSIDE THE BALL... PEER CLOSER INTO THE MYSTIC WORLD.

NOT FOR LONG, DAEGGA. THE GIRL WILL BE LEAVING SOON... VERY SOON.



THE MISTS HIDE FROM ME THE ONE WHO WILL SEEK YOU OUT, BUT...



...BUT... WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GIRL? I HAVEN'T FINISHED YET.



I... AH... BUT...

...BUT MY MONEY... YOU HAVEN'T PAID ME... AHH.



MADAM, CAN I HAVE MY FORTUNE TOLD?

BEWILDERED BY THE STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS, THE OLD GYPSY BADES DAEGGA BE SEATED AT THE TABLE. TENSION HANGS HEAVILY IN THE CONFINED WAGON.



AH...WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO KNOW OR LEARN?

DAEGGA DOES NOT SPEAK. HER WILL ARCS THE SPACE BETWEEN THEM AND ENTERS THE GYPSY'S MIND ON A BEAM OF POTENT MENTAL ENERGY...



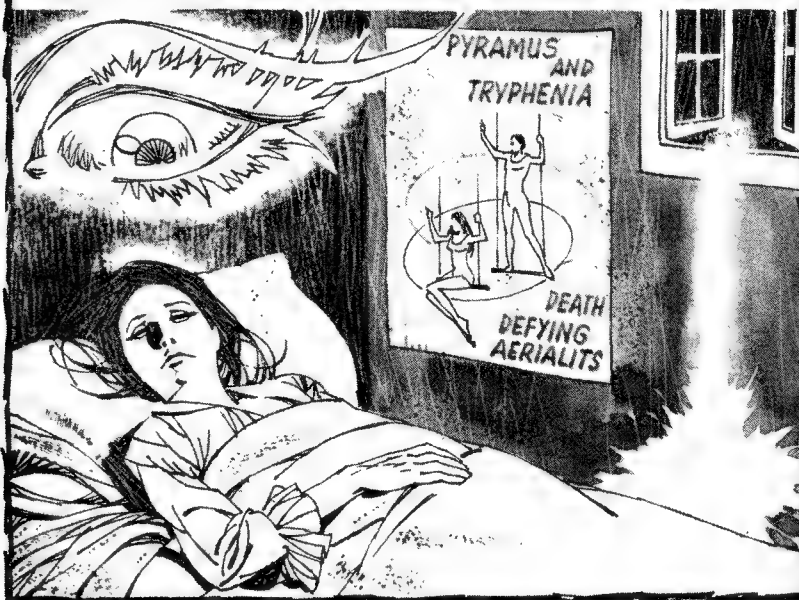
...PROBING WITH GENTLE YET FORCEFULL WISPS OF POWER AMONG THE CLUTTERED MEMORIES OF A NOMADIC LIFE.



SLOWLY THE RANDOM PARTS OF AN ANCIENT MEMORY ARE JOINED TOGETHER.



I AM EXPECTING OUR FIRST CHILD. BUT THE COMING OF NIGHT BRINGS NO THOUGHTS OF PLEASURE, BUT ONLY VISIONS OF TERROR...



...NOT TERROR OF THE UNBORN, BUT TERROR...



... OF THE UNDEAD !!!



HIS MOUTH...HIS TEETH...SO LONG... SHARP... BUT I CAN DO NOTHING... HE HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE... AND EACH TIME I FALL MORE UNDER HIS POWER...



WAIT...WHAT IS THE MATTER... WHY IS HE TURNING AWAY?



IT IS MY HUSBAND!

DON'T WORRY. IT'S ALL RIGHT. THE EVIL IS DESTROYED. YOU ARE SAFE.

PLEASE STAND ASIDE ... QUICKLY. THIS OPPORTUNITY... SO RARE... CANNOT BE LIGHTLY DISMISSED.

YOUR HELP IN THIS MATTER HAS BEEN MOST WELCOME. BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY WIFE, IF I MAY ASK?

WE ARE CREATING A WEAPON FOR THE LORD'S BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF DARKNESS.

YOU, YOUNG LADY, ARE RARE ... A PREGNANT WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN VISITED BY A VAMPIRE AND SURVIVED. ADDING TO THE VAMPIRIC RESIDUE IN YOUR BLOOD THE POWER OF GOD ADMINISTERED BY THESE RITES WILL INSURE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

...THAT YOUR OFFSPRING WILL HAVE THE SUPERNATURAL POWER TO DESTROY VAMPIRES AT A TOUCH.

YOUR FAMILY WILL BECOME BLESSED IN THAT A MEMBER WILL BE IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE LORD'S BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF SATAN... HE WILL BE A...DHAMPIR.

WHAT I HAD HEARD PRAYED ON MY MIND FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT. I TOSSED AND TURNED AND WAS UNABLE TO GET ANY SLEEP. HOW UNBELIEVABLE THAT I WAS TO BE AN INSTRUMENT OF GOD.

WE ARE HONORED AND THANKFUL, FATHER.

THE ROOM IS OPPRESSIVE. THE VAMPIRE HAS BEEN DESTROYED... BUT AN AURA OF EVIL STILL CLINGS TO THIS WAGON...

...HOVERING OVER ME...WAITING
FOR A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS...



PRETTY WORDS,
GYPSY WOMAN. BUT
I AM NOT YET
DESTROYED.



BUT I AM TOO WELL
PROTECTED. YOU SHALL
NEVER GET BY THIS.



AAAAHHH!!!!

YOU TOOK ME
BY SURPRISE,
VAMPIRA. BUT THE
FORCES OF EVIL
CANNOT LONG KEEP
THE FORCES OF
GOOD AT BAY.



THAT WILL
BE TAKEN CARE
OF SHORTLY,
HELLSPAWN!

I KNOW ALL
I NEED TO KNOW
...AND YOU KNOW
TOO MUCH.



AHHH, MY
HEAD! HELP ME,
SOMEONE!!!

DESPERATION LENDS STRENGTH
TO DAEGGA AS SHE FLINGS A
HEAVY PAIR OF BOOTS AT THE
ADVANCING WOMAN.

WHA...!



...TAKEN CARE
OF... YES, BY
ME!!!



HELP ME!!!
HEL...!!!

AS DAEGGA KNEELS BY THE DEAD WOMAN AND SATISFIES HER UNHOLY THIRST THE REAR DOOR OPENS.

A MOMENT'S GLANCE INTO THE HATE-FILLED EYES OF THE YOUNG MAN SHOWS DAEGGA THAT SHE IS CONFRONTED BY THE...



MOTHER!!!

...DHAMPIR!!!

GIVE CHASE. DESTROY HER BEFORE SHE ESCAPES.



MONSTER!!! THIS OLD WOMAN NEVER HURT YOU.



SHE BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WORLD DIDN'T SHE?



I MUST EXTINGUISH THE FIRE FIRST BEFORE IT SPREADS. THEN I'LL HUNT HER DOWN. AND SHE WILL NOT ESCAPE MY VENGEANCE.

DAEGGA RUNS THROUGH THE TWISTING ALLYS OF THE CIRCUS, BLIND TO EVERYTHING BUT THE THOUGHT OF ESCAPE, UNTIL...



AHHH! BYRON! THE MONSTER IS...

DON'T WASTE TIME WITH TALK. I KNOW EVERYTHING. I ESTABLISHED A MENTAL LINK WITH YOU. WE MUST LEAVE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

THEIR ESCAPE IS INTERRUPTED WHEN A MAN STUMBLES FROM THE SHADOWS AND...



VAMPIRE! THERE'S A VAMPIRE LOOSE IN THE CIRCUS GROUNDS. THIS GIRL IS DEAD... ALL HER BLOOD DRAINED.



THAT GIRL... THE ONE YOU LURED OUT OF THE GYPSY'S WAGON.

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT ME TO DO WITH HER. I COULDN'T LET HER GO, NOW COULD I? IF WE PLAY THINGS RIGHT, THIS MAY WORK TO OUR ADVANTAGE...

...WITH EVERYONE RUNNING TO SEE WHAT THE COMMOTION IS WE'LL HAVE A CLEAR ROUTE OF ESCAPE.

MUST YOU LEAVE THE CIRCUS SO SOON, VAMPIRES. IT REALLY IS THE HIGH SPOT OF VILLAGE SOCIAL LIFE FOR THE YEAR.

AHHH!
BYRON!!!

I KNOW.
IT'S THE
DHAMPIR.

YOU REALLY MUST LET ME
SHOW YOU AROUND. HERE...
TAKE MY HAND.

OUT OF HER MIND WITH FEAR, DAEGGA GRIPS BYRON AS TIGHTLY AS SHE CAN, PREVENTING HIM FROM TAKING ANY ACTION AGAINST THE DHAMPIR.

YOU'VE COMPLETELY LOST
CONTROL, DAEGGA. I HAVE
NO CHOICE. ALL IS LOST
FOR ME, UNLESS...

DO
SOMETHING,
BYRON. HE'LL
KILL ME...
US...

GET A HOLD OF
YOURSELF, DAEGGA.
I CAN'T DO ANYTHING
UNTIL YOU RELEASE ME
FROM YOUR
STRANGLEHOLD.

INTO THE
WOODS. CATCH
AND DESTROY
HIM
QUICKLY.

...I SACRIFICE
YOU!!!

A STRONG LEAP CARRIES BYRON
OVER THE STONE WALL INTO THE
DARKNESS OF THE WOODS
BOARDERING THE CIRCUS.

WHICH
WAY DID
THE OTHER
ONE GO?

'TIS A PITY, DAEGGA DEAR,
BUT YOU LOST YOUR HEAD AT
THE MOMENT YOU NEEDED IT
MOST. BUT YOU GAVE ME THE
EXTRA FEW SECONDS I NEED
TO COMPLETE MY ESCAPE.

BYRON!!!
NO!!!



NO... NOT IN THE WOODS
... ABOVE THE WOODS.

I'M SAFE FOR THE
MOMENT. THE DHAMPIR,
CAN'T REACH ME WHILE
I'M IN THE FORM OF
A BAT.

BUT THE DHAMPIR, A SUPERNATURAL
BEING WITH THE BLOOD OF VAMPIRES
FLOWING IN HIS VEINS, HAS RESOURCES
TO DRAW UPON THAT BYRON COULD
NEVER GUESS.

THE SUDDEN MID-AIR ATTACK CATCHES BYRON
COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE.

A SATANIC MIRACLE THROWS BYRON
CLEAR OF THE IMPACT BEFORE THE
DHAMPIR'S TALONS CAN SINK INTO HIS
BODY.

TWISTING AND TURNING IN THE SKY
ABOVE THE CIRCUS, BYRON RAPIDLY
TIRES. EACH SWIPE OF THE DEADLY
TALONS COMES CLOSER...

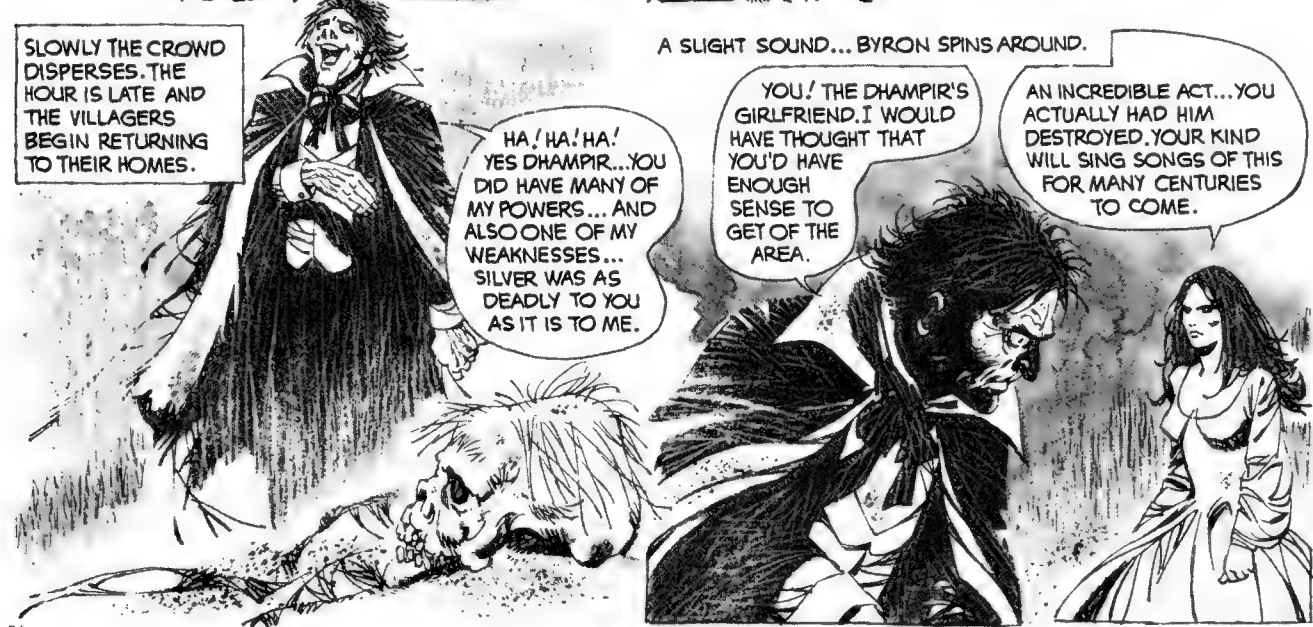
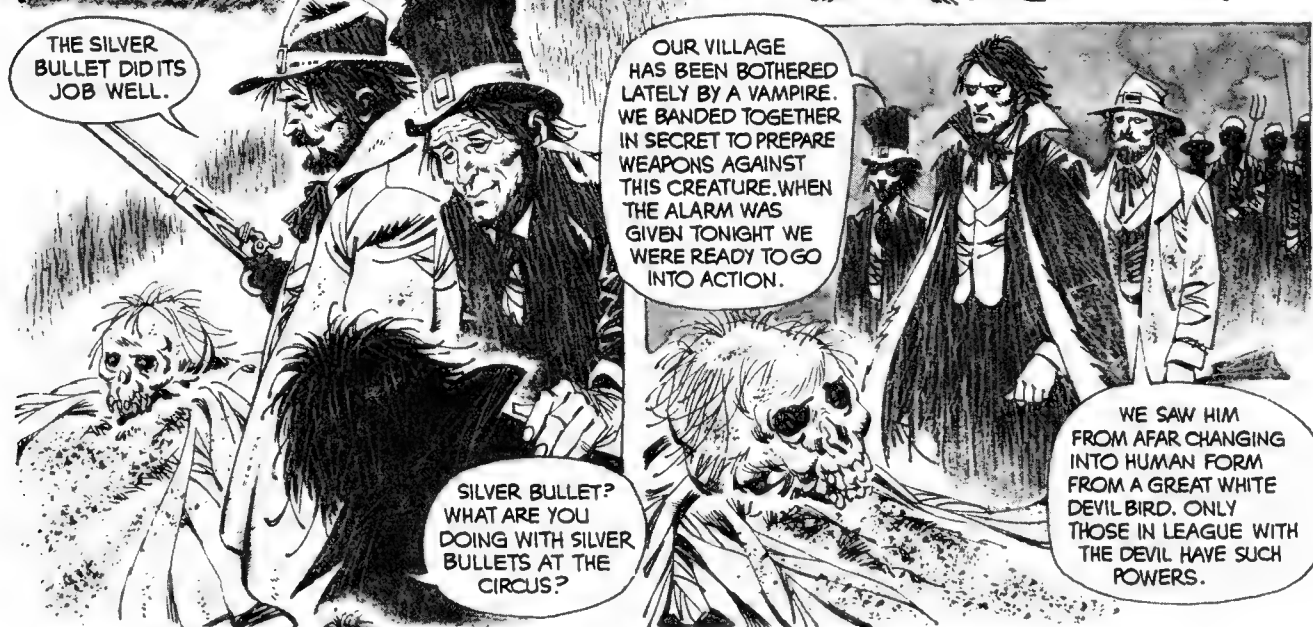
... UNTIL...

YOU ...
DHAMPIR ... ALSO
THE GREAT BIRD
THAT ATTACKED
ME?

YES. HALF OF MY
HERITAGE IS VAMPIRE AND
I HAVE MANY OF YOUR
POWERS... WHICH MAKES
ME UNBEATABLE.

BUT ENOUGH
TALK. I AM DELAYING
MY HOLY MISSION...
THE DESTRUCTION OF
ALL VAMPIRES.

WAIT... SPARE ME...
I CAN BE OF USE TO YOU...
INFORMATION ON OTHER
VAMPIRES... IF YOU LET
ME LIVE.





YOU WON'T LIVE TO HEAR ANY OF THEM.



NOR YOU, VAMPIRE.

BYRON FEELS A DEEPENING CHILL. THIS IS NOT THE TYPICAL SCREAMING, WHIMPERING VAMPIRE VICTIM. SHE IS TOO SELF CONFIDENT...TO COMPOSED.



YOU WERE LUCKY THIS EVENING...VERY LUCKY. BUT YOUR LUCK HAS JUST BEEN EXHAUSTED.



THERE IS ONE FACT YOU FAILED TO LEARN ABOUT THE GYPSY WOMAN. NINE MONTHS AFTER THE VAMPIRE VISITED HER, SHE GAVE BIRTH...



... TO TWINS!!!



I AM NOT HIS LOVER... I AM HIS TWIN SISTER... AND A DHAMPIR LIKE HE WAS.



IT'S ALMOST ENOUGH TO MAKE A GOOD VAMPIRE KILLER HANG UP HIS STAKE AND RETIRE.



WRITER'S PROFILE: STEVE ENGLEHART



Vampirella readers first came across the name Steve Englehart on the artist side of the credits, sandwiched between a couple of other unknowns named Neal Adams and Denny O'Neil, back in VAMPIRELLA #10. But since then, he's pretty much switched from a Gillott's inking pen to a ballpoint, and you find him now as the scripter of Vampi's adventures.

(If the truth be told, he began his stint with the maid from Drakulon in issue #21, under the pen-name of Chad Archer—for a slew of complex and boring reasons—but he's given that up for his harder-to-spell real monicker.)

Anyhow, the question then becomes: howcome and whyfore the transition from artist to writer? And the answer is as follows:

Beginning in the mid-'60's, Steve was determined to break into comics—and since his first love was art, he concentrated on that above all else. But, even though success was elusive, the Army wasn't, and one day they came to take him away. His dreams of crashing comics seemed firmly in limbo, until Uncle Sam stashed him at a base in Maryland, a mere 150 miles from Manhattan, and unwisely gave him a three-day pass. It was during that pass that he first met Neal Adams, who offered him a chance to work with him on that story destined to appear in VAMPI #10.

"But I'm in the Army!" protested Mr. E.

"Don't worry about it," answered Mr. A.

And so, for the next six months, Steve got a pass off base every weekend, took

the train to New York, and holed up with Neal from Friday night to Sunday afternoon, drawing like a fiend—and then went back to play soldier the rest of the week (only working on weekends is why it took six months). Neal allowed this tyro artist to do nearly everything in that story, including pencilling, and then insisted that Steve's name appear in the credits (an unheard of thing to have happen to an assistant—but that's the kind of guy Neal is).

Thus, when Steve said his final goodbyes to the Army, he had entrees into the comics scene, and set himself up as a free-lance artist.

Then a spot opened up on staff at Marvel Comics, but it was for an assistant editor, not an artist. Still, when asked if he could handle the job, he said "Sure" (having no idea what the work entailed), and took it. As it turned out, he did well, and was eventually offered a mystery story to script.

"Script?" he asked—but he did it, and Marvel liked it, and offered him a series (The Beast) to write. Well, they liked *that*, so they gave him other titles, and then others...and pretty soon, there was no more time for art, because he was too busy putting words in the mouths of characters like the Hulk, Captain America, The Avengers, and Doc Savage.

So all of a sudden he was considered a scripter by the comics industry, which led to a telephone call one day from Archie Goodwin, asking if he would like to write the Vampi series. Anybody with half an eye could never have looked at Jose Gonzales' magnificent art and given any other answer but the affirmative one Steve managed to come up with—and the rest is more or less history.

It's customary to finish off these profiles by listing the profilee's hobbies and/or ambitions, but Steve says he starts looking at the fan art when he reaches that section, and figures everyone else does, too, so he refused to tell us.

Delayed Payment

The sky belched out torrents of wet, pounding rain the night the stranger came to town. He was a tall man who wore a long, black raincoat and a wide brimmed hat that obscured a good portion of his face.

The stranger carried a slender black walking stick on whose head was carved the sinister features of a wolf, but the outstanding feature about this man were his eyes. They burned out from under the wide brimmed hat like two very hot coals.

Robert H. Harris was the local living legend. Up until the age of thirty, he had been nothing more than dirt poor. Then suddenly he seemed very rich. No one knew why. And Harris never spoke of it.

Now, as he sat in his plush living room, smoking a long expensive cigar, he grinned to himself. It had been more than forty years since he had gained his wealth. Harris owned most of the stores and factories in this small town. At least 90% of the townfolk worked for him. The other 10% worked for the local government and its Mayor. Harris smiled. He owned him, too.

Harris was a very greedy

fellow; truly undeserving of his great wealth.

A sharp rapping on the door interrupted Harris' selfish thoughts. Harris spat a biting curse at one of the thick, well painted walls. But still Harris opened the door.

The stranger stood in the doorway. On his lips was a thin, evil smile.

The man with the burning coal stare looked Harris straight in the eyes. "I have come for the payment, Robert H. Harris," he said in a sinister voice. He placed heavy accent on the word "Payment."

The burning eyes seemed to penetrate Harris' deepest thoughts.

"No!" he pleaded, "give me... five more years! P-Please."

"Silence, Robert H. Harris. You have a debt that must be paid... paid in full."

Almost as if on cue, the house around them burst into an all-engulfing hungry fire. They leapt higher and higher as Harris heard the last words of the stranger.

"Your debt must be paid, Robert Harris, now you have... the Devil to pay..."

RICHARD SAWYER

CHECK, PLEASE!

The night was cold and dark as I raised the lid of my coffin. Finally, after a long day's rest, I was free to roam.

I was terribly hungry. But, surprisingly enough, I was not hungry for blood. No, I wanted meat. Hot dogs, hamburgers, anything.

I rose from the silk-lined box, and, turning into a wolf, I ran as fast as I could to the nearby diner. In a dark alley, I changed forms once again, headed for the local Greasy Spoon, and found a booth, in the back, in the dark. A waiter came over. What did I want? Why, I haven't had a steak, a

real one, with meat on it, in such a long time...

"One steak, well done, please," I said to the young man who had been waiting for my request. He gave me a strange look, and walked off.

I waited. Five, ten, fifteen minutes. Finally he came, and he gave it to me. Right in the heart!!

"Anything else, fiend?" I heard him ask.

"Yes," I gasped, "could I have my check?"

One more thing; I didn't tip him. Serves him right, too!

HENRY LIPPIT

HEY, VAMPI, UP AGAINST THE WALL!

Kerry Wathen of El Segundo, Calif., submitted this beautiful pencil rendering of VAMPIRELLA for our pages. From the look of things, Vampi is "Up Against The Wall." Hopefully it's not because she's facing an execution.



A FISHY TALE

Pete Hatmell was trying to remember familiar landmarks while driving along on a rutty, forgotten dirt road. He had gotten lost some months ago while on a business trip; he had seen a quiet little lake during the time he was lost which he thought had been beside this road. Something about that lake intrigued him. It was as if the lake had called to him, beseeching him to stop.

For the past few months Hatmell's dreams had centered around that lake. So when his vacation came up, he decided to spend two weeks fishing along the uncanny, quiet shores of the lake that stuck so vividly in his mind. A new rod and reel, resting in the back seat, were waiting to be tested.

The vegetation grew denser as the miles passed. Hatmell's heart quickened when he caught a glimpse of the lake. He spotted a trail, just wide enough for his car to pass through, leading down to the shore. His body trembled as he got out of the car. It was so peaceful; he felt as if he should stay there forever. He looked around hungrily, taking in every sight. That's funny! The

trail on which he had just descended moments before had disappeared.

He got his rod and reel from the car and proceeded to put his line in the water. The world was forgotten. All that crossed his mind was to catch some fish for lunch.

A bite! Hatmell jerked on his line. He had it. He reeled it in, not noticing there was no struggle from the fish. Hatmell had never seen a fish like it before. It had a fish-shaped body, needle-like quills projecting in all directions in place of scales, and almost human eyes.

Hatmell wanted nothing to do with it. Leaving the hook in its mouth, Hatmell cut the line and threw the fish back into the water. Although he had been careful not to touch the fish, one tiny quill near the fish's head had pricked him. Hatmell fell to the ground. He could feel his body changing. Slowly, ever so slowly, he was shrinking; his skin was turning to quills. He gasped for air as he wiggled his way through the rocks on shore to get to the water. Only the whip of a tail broke the silence engulfing the lake.

C. TYE



IFKsome Ira Harmon Jr. of Chicago, Ill. sent in this ravishing likeness of you know who. Ira says he one day wishes to become an artist, and has so far had encouragement by no less a source than famed "Peanuts" artist Charles Schultz. We think Ira may one day make it.

The Challenge

You've done everything: accepted every challenge, and won! Crossed the darkest continents, swum the deepest green seas, fought the jungle's most savage beasts. And now your life is meaningless; you have conquered all, nothing remains undone. At least, until you hear secret stories, whispered in the darkest alleys of a mountain, so high, so majestic, that none have ever reached its top. Because this mountain is perfectly smooth, with a stark white surface as slick as ice. And then you know that you have been challenged again; the ultimate test!

Soon you find yourself at the foot of the mountain. The stories you've heard are true. You find a towering spectacle stretching through the clouds, white and smoothly curved, like a huge porcelain bowl. Smooth, but not so smooth that your expert hands can't find the little niches and crags. So you begin your ascent. Hand over hand, hour after hour, week after week. After three weeks of steady climbing, no sleep, your body wracked in pain, your fingers reduced to aching stumps, you reach the rim, the large plateau expansive beyond human comprehension. After a

rest you walk again. For weeks you walk and walk, your feet worn to pulp. And when you reach the inner edge of the rim, you find a gigantic pit, filled with clear sparkling water, of the most awesome size and beauty you have ever seen! You are overjoyed. You have won your final contest, you have mastered the world!

Then you see something you hadn't been able to see before. You aren't on the top at all! A sheer white cliff towering above the rim, stretches high into space. And near the top, a glimmering, silver object, perhaps a bird, sits in a cranny in the cliff, bathed in rich yellow sunlight.

Suddenly, while you stand awed at its beauty, the sunlight disappears; the silver bird twirls in its cranny. Instantaneously, a hurricane wind sweeps you off your feet, while an ear-shattering gurgling roar fills your ears, and you plummet into the water below.

And as you swirl around, faster and faster, being sucked deeper towards the dark underwater caves, you realize just exactly what the mountain was, and you realize you have lost your final challenge ... FOREVER!

John Purcell



Specialist Fourth Class Ronald Boone sent these monstrous muggings from Fort Sill, Oklahoma. We're led to believe the Army has spotted creatures such as these and are using the Vampi fan pages to warn all Citizens.

IT'S NICE TO SHARE!

Why let all of your great artwork and fantastic stories be for your eyes alone? Share them with the world, and let VAMPIRELLA publish them on her fan pages. VAMPI'S FLAMES





"WE BROKE THROUGH THE CLOUDS, THE COPTER'S BLADES CHURNING ALMOST NOISELESSLY IN THE DESERT AIR. LEM BEGAN THE DESCENT."

MINRA

"THE WORN MOUNTAINS STRETCHED FOR CLOSE TO THREE SQUARE MILES. AFTER THAT, TWENTY MILES OF DESERT. MINRA WAS HIDING SOMEWHERE BELOW..."



"I DIDN'T RELISH MY VIGILANTE ROLE. I DON'T LIKE TO KILL, EVEN ANIMALS. BUT THE NEAREST THING RESEMBLING LAW WAS CLEAR INTO THE NEXT STATE. MUCH TOO FAR, IF LEM AND I HADN'T VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS "SEARCH AND DESTROY MISSION" HALF THE TOWN WOULD HAVE TORN OUT INTO THE DESERT."



"NO, WE HAVE TO KEEP THE MURDER CIVILIZED AS POSSIBLE."



PICTURE A QUIET AND LONELY GIRL WAITING QUIETLY...



...HER VOICE LIKE THE GENTLE WHISPER OF LOTUS LEAVES.



WE'LL MEET BACK HERE IN AN HOUR. IF ONE OF US ISN'T HERE, THE OTHER IS TO WAIT FIFTEEN MINUTES, TO BE SURE, THEN COME LOOKING. GOT IT?



RIGHT. GOOD HUNTING!



THE WORDS HUNG IN THE AIR LIKE DEAD WEIGHT.

WHERE ARE YOU, WOMAN? WHERE?



...CLOSE...



SHE KNOWS THEY ARE GETTING CLOSER, EVER CLOSER.



IN THE AGE OF WORRY OVER ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS AND POPULATION EXPLOSIONS, WE WERE SIMPLY NOT READY FOR SOMETHING SO DIFFERENT! A PSYCHIC EXPLOSION, AN OUTPOURING OF HATE FROM SOME DEMON DIMENSION THAT KILLED THREE-FOURTHS OF THE EARTH'S POPULATION WITH ONE TREMENDOUS BLAST.



WHEN THE BLAST WAS OVER AND THE DEAD BURIED, WE WERE BETTER OFF, SOMEHOW. THOSE THAT REMAINED DID NOT FEEL THE NEED TO HATE. IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A GOLDEN AGE FOR OUR WORLD, WE TOLD OURSELVES.



THEN THE PSYCHIC MUTANTS BEGAN TO APPEAR... PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN CHANGED BY THE BLAST SO THAT THEY COULD SET OFF INCIDENTS OF HATE AND VIOLENCE AT WILL. WE DID THE ONLY THING WE COULD TO KEEP OUR PERFECT WORLD: WE HUNTED DOWN AND KILLED ANY PSYCHIC MUTANT WE FOUND.

MINRA, BARELY NINETEEN, A WOMAN... A GIRL, REALLY. I HAVE TO KILL YOU, MINRA.





...THE HIDING PLACE.



SILENT, MINRA AWAITS
THE COMING OF DEATH...

...DEATH, SO CLEAR
AND SO COLD!



I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU. COME, SIT
DOWN. THIS EXILE LIFE
HAS MADE ME HUNGRY
FOR CONVERSATION.

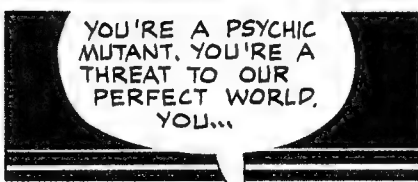


I... HAVE
TO KILL
YOU...

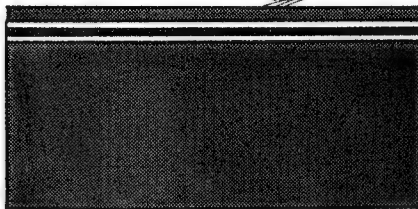


WHY?

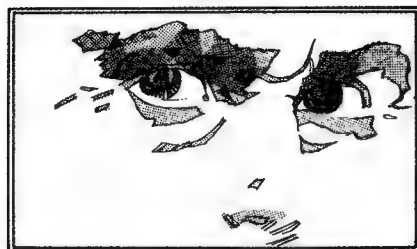
SUCH A SIMPLE QUESTION
AND YET THERE CAN BE
NO ANSWER!



YOU'RE A PSYCHIC
MUTANT. YOU'RE A
THREAT TO OUR
PERFECT WORLD,
YOU...



HE FEELS FRUSTRATION
WELL-UP INSIDE...





SIT DOWN.
WE'LL TALK.



WANT TO KNOW
HOW ONE BECOMES
A "PSYCHIC MUTANT"?
LET ME TELL YOU...



I SAW IT COMING.
THEY HAD BEEN
STEWING FOR
DAYS.



THE CONFRONTATION
(ISN'T THAT AN
INNOCENT WORD,
"CONFRONTATION"?)
HAD BEGUN BEFORE
I LEFT.



BUT NO ONE
ELSE HAD
RECOGNIZED
IT YET.

EVERYONE WAS TOO
AMAZED TO DO ANYTHING
AT FIRST. THEY HAD
THOUGHT VIOLENCE WAS
BEHIND THEM.



THEN, AS FAR AS I'VE
BEEN ABLE TO PIECE
THE THINGS TOGETHER,
MRS. GALSWORTH
OPENED HER MOUTH.
AND IT BEGAN.

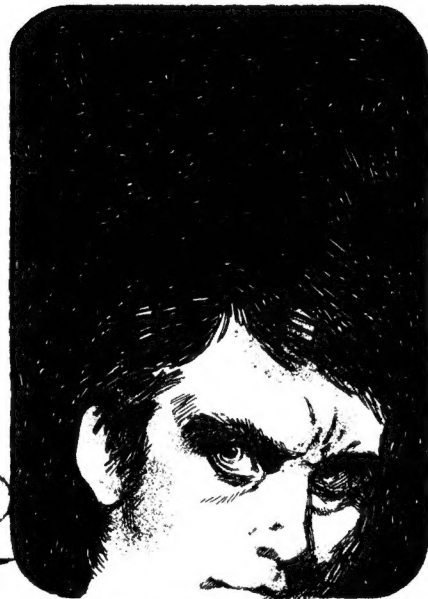
SEEMS MIGHTY
PECULIAR THAT MINRA GIRL
LEFT BEFORE THE MEN HAD
EVEN SAID CROSS WORDS. I
HEARD THEM TALKING ON
THE NEWS THE OTHER NIGHT
ABOUT "MUTATIONS" FROM
THE BLAST, PEOPLE WHO HAVE
STRANGE POWERS IN THEIR
HEADS. THEY'RE ABLE TO
DO THINGS LIKE MAKING
PEOPLE KILL ONE ANOTHER.





THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK. THEY WANTED AN EASY ANSWER AND THE OLD LADY PROVIDED THEM WITH ONE. THEY SEIZED ON IT AND STALKED OUT OF THE ROOM LOOKING FOR ME. MOB REACTION TOOK OVER. THEY DIDN'T GET ME, *OBVIOUSLY!* I CAME BACK THE NEXT NIGHT AND STOLE SOME CANNED GOODS AND A SLEEPING BAG. THAT FIRST NIGHT IN HIDING WAS HORRIBLE...

YOU'RE COMPLETELY INNOCENT...? A VICTIM OF FATE... ?



IF I HAD ANY SPECIAL POWERS, WOULD I HAVE LET YOU AND YOUR FRIEND LAND ? YES, I HEARD THE HELICOPTER. IF I COULD MAKE MEN HATE AND KILL, WOULDN'T I HAVE TURNED YOU AND YOUR FRIEND AGAINST EACH OTHER ?



THERE ARE NO PSYCHIC MUTANTS. THERE NEVER WERE. BUT THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PEOPLE WHO WERE... GENTLE WHO CANNOT OR WILL NOT HATE. THEY SEE VIOLENCE COMING, SEEK TO AVOID IT, AND SOMETIMES THEY BECOME THE FOCUS FOR THAT HATE, BECAUSE MOST PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND THEIR OWN HEADS. THEY LASH OUT WHEN CONFUSED. SEEK A TARGET.

BUT THE PSYCHIC EXPLOSION WAS REAL ENOUGH. YOU MUTANTS MUST BE A PIPELINE TO THE DIMENSION THE EXPLOSION CAME FROM! WHY ELSE WOULD THE HATE THAT HAD LEFT US START TO ERUPT AGAIN ?

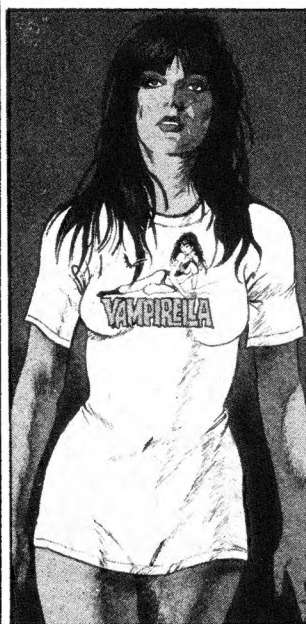


DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT HATE COMES FROM SOME DEMON DIMENSION? WHY CAN'T YOU ACCEPT THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR OWN ACTIONS? YOU WANT AN EASY SCAPE-GOAT, SOMETHING TO BLAME YOUR HATRED AND STUPIDITY ON! BEFORE IT WAS THE DEVIL. WITCHES. THE "WILL OF THE GODS." NOW IT'S PSYCHIC MUTANTS. BUT YOU MUST SEE THAT IT IS NEITHER! IT'S YOU... AND ME... **ALL OF US!**



HUMAN BEINGS CAUSED THE PSYCHIC EXPLOSION! OUR HATRED REACHED THE POINT WHERE IT WENT OFF LIKE A BOMB. THERE ARE UNTAPPED MENTAL POWERS WITHIN US ALL... TELEPATHY, TELEKINESIS... FOCUS RAW HATE THROUGH THOSE POWERS, MULTIPLY IT BY MOST OF THE EARTH'S POPULATION, AND **BAM!** GOD HELP US, WE DESTROYED THREE-FOURTHS OF OUR RACE AND **STILL** HAVEN'T LEARNED!





VAMPIRELLA T-SHIRT

WEAR YOUR VERY OWN
WASHABLE VAMPI!
RIGHT NEXT TO YOUR HEART!

Hundreds of you have asked for a VAMPIRELLA T-SHIRT—NOW you can have one! The one-and-only, Official, Authorized Version is available! The VAMPI T-SHIRT has been exclusively produced for us by FINN OF NEW YORK, & is made of the finest, top quality white cotton. It is COMPLETELY WASHABLE & definitely WILL NOT FADE out after a few washings (as inferior t-shirts often do). Her bright red costume is an eye-catcher, & guaranteed to wow & amaze your friends. You'll want to wear it everywhere—Mom will have to take it off your back to wash it! It's a great gift idea, too. Order the COLORFUL, WASHABLE, terrific T-Shirt of her Vampiric Majesty VAMPIRELLA Now—In fact, Order 2 shirts & SAVE! She's a knockout!

Rush me my VAMPIRELLA T-SHIRT (My size is indicated below):

- ☐ #2704 ADULT SMALL (34-36)
☐ #2705 ADULT MEDIUM (38-40)
☐ #2706 ADULT LARGE (42-44)
☐ #2707 BOYS MEDIUM (10)

NAME _____

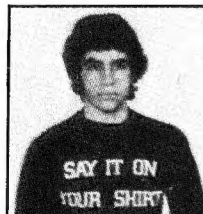
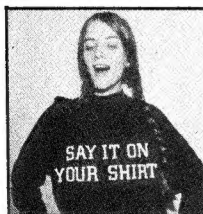
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

- ☐ I enclose \$3.98 plus 50¢ postage & handling (Total \$4.48) for each shirt.
☐ Send me 2 Shirts for the SPECIAL PRICE of \$7.49, & we pay the postage!

SAY IT ON YOUR SHIRT & GET IT ALL ON YOUR CHEST!



AXE-PRESS YOURSELF!

Your own slogan, favorite saying, or your name—anything you want to say UP TO 30 LETTERS (counting the spaces between words)! Custom printed in non-fade letters on your choice of blue or gray long-sleeved sweat-shirt or T-shirt. With Navy Blue shirt you get white lettering, with Gray shirt, you get black lettering. This item comes in Adult Small and Adult Medium sizes, and the lettering really lasts, so be certain to say something you're sure is really a "quotable quote." After all, a Personalized shirt really is a—

GREAT WAY TO MEET PEOPLE!

Remember, first impressions are lasting ones (as the headsman said)! So choose your 30 letters (counting the spaces as letters) with care, and write them in the space indicated in the coupon below. The T-shirts (blue or gray) cost only \$4.25 for this beautiful hand-crafted work, and the long-sleeved sweatshirts (blue or gray) are only \$5.49. This is surely one of the finest bargains you'll find anywhere! Order now!

- ☐ #2708 T-SHIRT. Enclosed is \$4.25 plus 75¢ postage & handling (Total \$5.00).
☐ #2709 SWEATSHIRT. Enclosed is \$5.49 plus 75¢ postage & handling (Total \$6.24).

- ☐ NAVY GRAY ☐ ADULT SMALL ADULT MEDIUM

- ☐ NAVY GRAY ☐ ADULT SMALL ADULT MEDIUM

MY MESSAGE IS: NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLAY IT REAL GHOUL! -- USING THESE GENUINE MONSTER KITS



GENUINE

VAMPIRE KIT!

YOUR COMPLETE VAMPIRE KIT includes:
• GENUINE EVIL TEETH—Fangs that glow in the dark. Uppers and Lower, the better to bite you with, lady!
• VAMPIRE BLOOD—A tube of the real stuff. A gory mess that makes you look like a business man—Vampire Business, that is!
• SCAR STUFF—This hideous preparation makes really evil-looking scars right on your own skin.

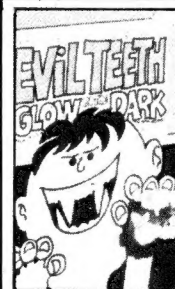
All this in your professional VAMPIRE KIT for only \$1.50 (includes Postage & Handling).

Your own mother won't want to know you when you're scarred, bloody, fang-toothed and flame-eyed! Now's your chance to bring out the Real You with these Atrocious Additions to your cool ghoul look!



UGLY KIT!

This Complete UGLY-KIT includes:
• GLOWING RED EYEBALLS—Wear them like a monocle—Flaming red veins pop out! Eyeballs glow in the dark for that extra added effect.
• DISGUSTING FANGS—Glow green in the dark. Long fangs for piercing.
• HIDEOUS SCARS—Stick these right on your Ugly Face for the finishing touch to your scary makeup. Bloody Red and Nasty!
All this in your own UGLY KIT for \$1.50 (Includes Postage & Handling).



EVIL TEETH!

Designed by Transylvania's leading Dental Consultants, Glow-in-the-Dark FANGS to make you look Evil. Terrifying in the Dark—Horrible in the Daylight! Uppers and Lower fit over your own teeth for Realistic Effect. Nice and Nasty! Hold teeth up to a bright light to charge them up to brilliant Glowing Horror! Only 60¢ (Includes Postage & Handling).



Ugh! Argh! Yecchhh! Genuine VAMPIRE BLOOD to make you the goriest guy or gal around! Likelike, hideous and Awful. Red and Repulsive. Only 75¢ (includes Postage & Handling).



Please send me the items
Checked. Enclosed is \$ _____

- ☐ VAMPIRE KIT (\$1.50)
☐ UGLY KIT (\$1.50)
☐ EVIL TEETH (60¢)
☐ VAMPIRE BLOOD (75¢)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Sorry, No C.O.D.'s or Orders Outside U.S.A. Please Print Clearly.



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE